FEBRUARY 11 — 17, 1978

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Eve's Weekly

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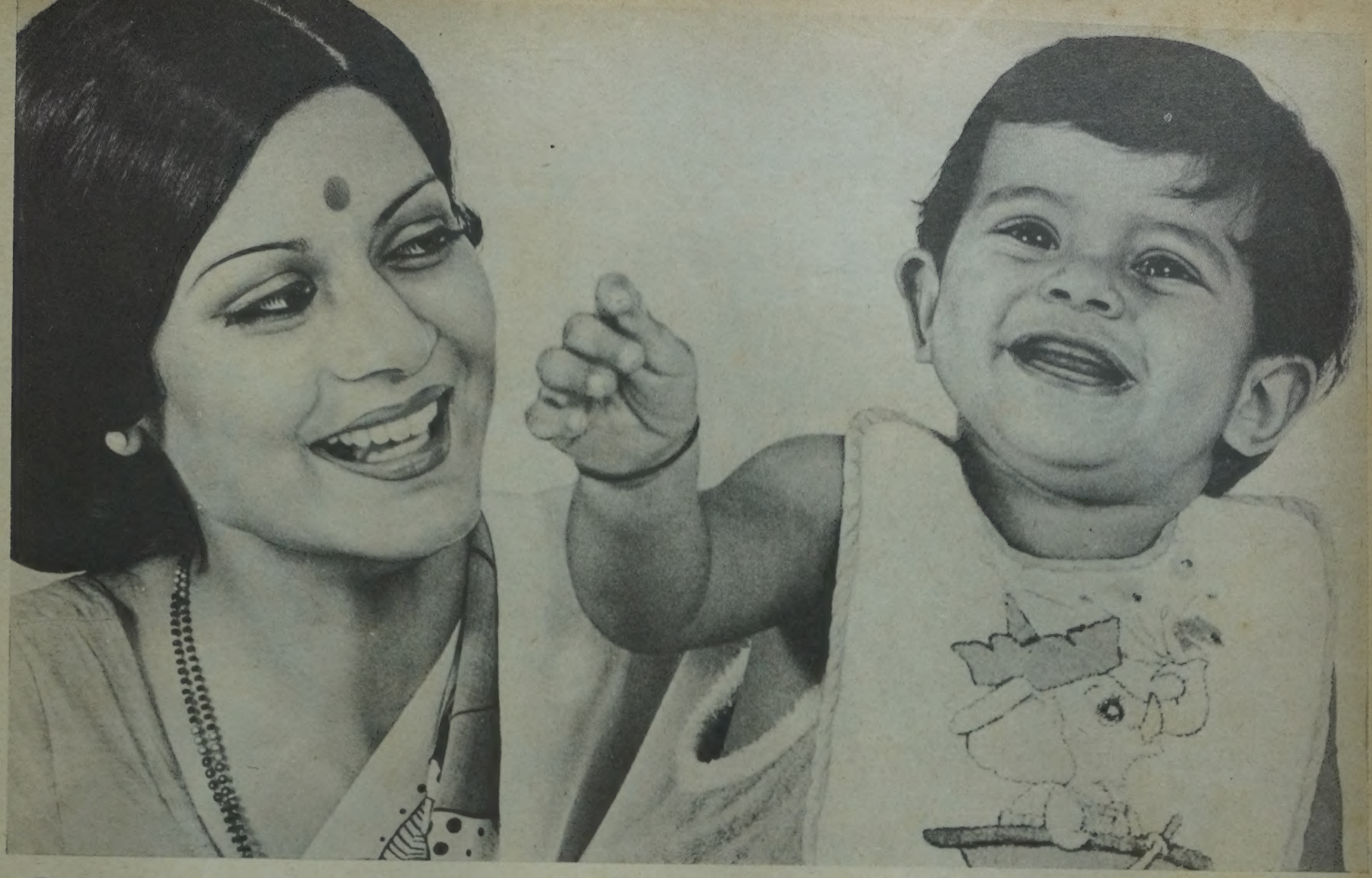

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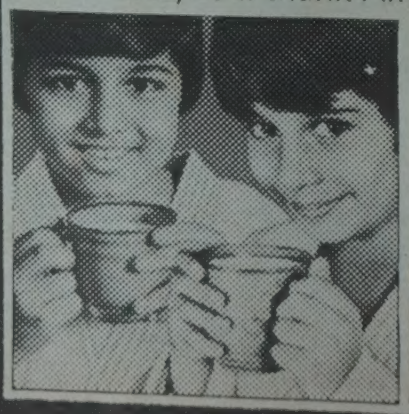

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MANJU BORAL

Brown eyed, soft spoken Manju leads a busy life, cramming in as much knowledge as she can. A keen film enthusiast especially of art films, she has one ambition in life — to become a movie star. Encouraged by her brothers, who are in this field, Manju started stage acting at a very early age. Having passed the Secondary School Examinations, she learnt ballet dancing under the famous Sarang Sisters. Her grace and charm enabled her to secure a lot of modelling assignments, too. But in spite of her busy schedule, she has enough time to spare at home with her family and friends, and tries her hand at cooking, which is one of her main hobbies, besides dancing and travelling. With so much talent Manju is bent on furthering her career as a film star.

Photograph :
Rajendra Chawda.

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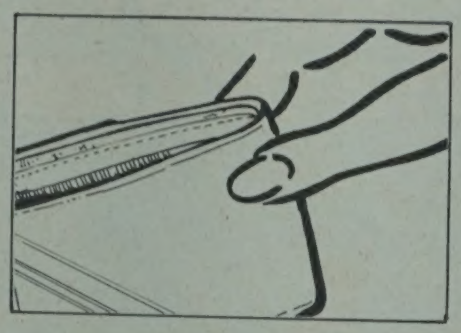
this week

WOMEN AT THE CENTRE

Eleven years of a woman Prime Minister has dazzled the country into the belief that a single swallow has made a whole summer. On the contrary, women in politics are a dwindling force. Interviews with the two women who have formed chinks in the all-male Janata armour about their views on women and how they will use their positions to improve the condition of women in India.
Page 9.



WOMEN PICKPOCKETS

Pickpocketing and theft are two crimes commonly indulged in by women, probably because of the lower level of violence and physical risk involved. A discussion about women's involvement in this crime, with interviews with the police.
Page 10.

FISHERWOMEN OF GOA

Women play a major role in the distribution, sale and marketing of fish in most coastal areas of India. Goa, of course, is a major fishing area, and the fisherwomen there are from different communities. A description of their lives, festivals and problems.
Page 26.

FOR KIDDY'S CORNER

What will warm a tiny heart more than cute little animal decorations?
A colour feature suggesting wall hangings for the children's room.
Page 21.

POSSIBILITIES FOR INVOLVEMENT

Continuing the series of reports on women's groups in different cities, the focus this week is on such groups in Bombay and some of their activities.
Page 18.

ALSO

Knit Yourself a Skirt : detailed instructions on how to—**Page 29,** Film interview : Dabboo, making his film his own way — **Page 37,** Story: Part II of "If I Die Today," begun last week — **Page 12,** Microwave Ovens : for a revolution in cooking — **Page 16.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

your page

1st prize

PAPA'S PROFESSION

I was one of those impetuous youngsters who believed that a boy or girl should choose his or her career according to aptitude and interest, and should on no account be coerced into the family profession. But, now, I am more open-minded and willing to view it from the other side, too. My grandpa was talking to me about himself, his career. His sorrow that there is no one to hand over his practice to, touched me more than I can express on paper. He is a leading Advocate here and has built up an enviable clientele with the confidence he inspired, and by sheer dedication to his work. And yet none of his five daughters (he has no sons) showed any inclination for law. Neither do the grandchildren show any interest in this direction. We have all branched off into teaching, research, commerce. It is a pity that there is no one amongst us to continue the work that took years, blood and sweat to build up. In England or America, there would have been people to "buy" the practice. But here? It is, indeed, a regrettable thing. It is as if none of us can appreciate him and his past efforts enough to keep his banner flying in future years.

Neeraja Ramakrishnan, Madras

Maybe it's sad in a way, but it can't be helped. Even if your grandpa had sons, he may not have produced "a legal heir" — although the chances are he would have done his level best to get one of them to study law. We still feel that children must be able to choose their own careers; parents may advise but never impose..

2nd prize

WHO'S SUPERIOR?

A lot has been said about working women and housewives in these columns. Some are out to prove that working women are superior while others believe that housewives are no less important. But, personally, I feel there is no end to this argument because every woman chooses her own way of life as best as she knows. No one is superior to the other. The choice depends entirely on the individual—whether she goes out to work or prefers to stay at home and care for her family.

Taking up a job doesn't mean a woman is extra efficient and neither does staying at home mean she is incapable. It's only a way of life to adopt, as long as women make sure not to waste time and money and be neglectful towards their families. What does it matter which way we go as long as we progress together towards a better future for womankind. We must stop criticising and trying to prove which set of women is superior and get united to fight the innumerable social ills that come our way. That is more important than fighting among ourselves.

Kamla Spolia, Chandigarh

Very true. We make it a point to say in these columns that women must be free to make a choice. Housewives are not a species to be looked down upon. But we will maintain, nevertheless, that most women are capable of doing much more than washing, cooking and cleaning.

3rd prize

THE FORMULA

"No time" is the most common chord of music heard nowadays among working people.

Well, make it, stretch it, but don't break it—would be my recommendation.

Very often friends who come over to my place are amazed at the number of things I get done in a day and exclaim: "How can you do it?" It's very simple. Be systematic. A good formula would be, add the things to be done in a day, multiply by the amount of time needed for each thing and divide by the amount of time you have and, presto, things get done! If you don't believe it, try it out. It's fantastic.

I am a working woman with children and I have to do all the household chores; besides, I make time for stitching, embroidery, handicrafts, social work, visiting, reading, etc. and I feel proud to say that my home is worth visiting and my family is cheerful and happy. So, if I can do it, why can't everyone?

Mrs. E. M. Karandikar, Goa

Your formula for getting through a whirlwind day, does sound fantastic. However, we recommend it to those readers who constantly complain that a 24-hour day does not seem enough for all they want to accomplish.

JUST YOU AND ME

After being used to a situation where unilateral decisions were unquestionably obeyed and my 'little family' happily fell in line with all my plans, I was taken aback one Sunday morning when my teenage sons refused to join my husband and me on the outing we had organised. It dawned on me that a new life style had now set in. It brought to my mind a quaint legend painted across the board of a candy seller's stall which I patronised regularly as a child: "This Day Will Go" — and I was surprised how "These Days" had really flown!

My husband and I set off on our pre-planned outing — sans the children. A strange feeling of togetherness overcame us as we realised that now on, step by step, we would be facing an altogether new kind of life. We are looking forward to the future and the thrill of growing "old" together.

Mrs. J. Lobo, Bombay

So you've learned — the easy way. Your teenagers have their own life to lead, they've sprouted wings. Let them go gracefully and set about discovering other joys, other fulfilments.

this week for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week Feb. 11 — 17.

ARIES (March 21 — April 19) You will be lucky with money and friends, but domestic matters obstruct taking full advantage of the situation. Favourable days: 15, 16.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Strain in established connections, but from 14th situation changes. Exhilarating romance. Artists and musicians have field day. Favourable days: 12, 17.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) Good week for success. Unfinished jobs are completed. Intellectual ability gets recognition and preferment. Favourable days: all days.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Gain, love and luck flow your way. Do not let this go to your head. Observe traffic rules. Favourable days: 13, 14.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) Friends and relatives responsive. Auspicious week for new enterprise. Romantically inclined folk meet right companions. Favourable days: 11, 12.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) High esteem in social work. Amicable settlement of disputes. Engagement and marriage. Favourable days: 13, 14.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Your friendly and emotional sides come into play. Artists and writers find inspiration. Favourable communication from overseas. Favourable days: all days.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) You gain material success. Beneficial changes probable. You can take life a little easier now. Happy in home affairs. Favourable days: 16, 17.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Stars favour you. Success at games of chance and love affairs, and you may win prizes, gifts and scholarships. Favourable days: all days.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Tension over question of your image. Misunderstanding likely in argument. Seek leave for a while and look inward. Favourable days: 13, 14.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Benefic planets highlight your personality and talent and promise unexpected monetary benefits. Amorous situations while on short journey. Favourable days: 16, 17.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Venus with Sun, enhances personality. You attract attention. Fortune smiles in many ways. Favourable days: all days.

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The colour of flowers
The feeling of spring
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TWO WOMEN IN CENTRAL MINISTRY

Women in politics are a dwindling force. The statement has nothing to do with the power pendulum's swing away from Mrs. Gandhi.

In fact, eleven years of a woman Prime Minister only succeeded in dazzling the country into the belief that a single swallow had made a whole summer. Blinded by the brilliance of that top-most position (Could there be a woman in the White House, at 10, Downing Street, or even the Kremlin? What other proof do Indian women need of the acceptance of equality? Everyone asked these questions.) Few cared to think about the steadily falling numbers of women in Parliament, in legislative assemblies and civic bodies. Thus, the political awakening of Indian womanhood under the tutelage of Mahatma Gandhi, instead of forging ahead to the new equations Gandhiji had dreamt of and Nehru had nurtured, was lulled into a false sense of complacency.

The initial momentum lost, women tended to retreat back into their shells. True, not the fractional number of educated women in the country who, basking in the exercise of constitutional rights, have become a highly visible section, but the vast masses the force of whose presence had earlier automatically thrown up women leaders as natural representatives of this very vital group. And so this last election, the fiercest political battle the country had ever fought, brought few women into the arena. It vividly highlighted the truth: women of political stature were obviously few and far between, women as a political unit nonexistent. Consequently, "the second Independence," unlike the first, had no legacies to offer. A mere 18 women came to Parliament, half the number that had been reached in '62 when the International Women's Year, Women's Decade and the question of equitable representation for women were unknown concepts.

Morarji Desai's thoughtless remarks — since retracted — on the unsuitability of women for political life and the announcement of a Cabinet that did not include a single woman seemed like nails on the coffin. But then a few months ago, as the Cabinet was expanded, the Prime Minister finally made a conscious effort to rectify the imbalance and finally two women emerged in the echelons of power, albeit at the Minister of State level — Abha Maity, who now assists Mr. George Fernandes in Industry

Renuka Devi Barkataki

Abha Maity

After a woman Prime Minister, today India has not even a woman minister of Cabinet rank. Only two women have been included in the Central ministry as Ministers of State

Rami Chhabra

and Renuka Devi Barkataki who has been seconded to Dr P. C. Chunder to help tackle Education and Social Welfare.

What are these two ministers — who have finally wrought a chink in the Janata male armour — like? Neither is a political force, nor indeed an aggressive personality. Both carry a past record of work for women's welfare causes, a concern that has run like a continuing thread through their political careers. Abha Maity (single, 52, and the only woman candidate in the last election to contest against another woman—Phulrenu Guha who was chairman of the Committee on the Status of Women) has in addition had administrative experience as Minister in the West Bengal government during 1962-67 when she held four portfolios simultaneously — Social Welfare, Refugee Rehabilitation, General Relief and Elections.

Renuka Devi Barkataki (also in her fifties, but married and with a teenage daughter) in an earlier spell as a parliamentarian was one of the few M.P.s who mounted a demand for and secured an investigation into the status of women by the now-famous Committee. But interestingly and rather ironically, Mrs. Barkataki was initially allocated only Education while the charge of the crucial Women's Bureau — the only existing government machinery to redress the deteriorating status of women — went to her male colleague. This anomaly has only recently been rectified and today Mrs. Barkataki, an amiable, motherly figure, is bursting with plans "to do something on the question of women."

Meanwhile, Miss Maity, who some months ago, when women Parliamentarians met the Education Minister to discuss the Janata's programme of action for women, was one of the most vociferous in the group, now seems a little mellowed. As she confesses, "More pressing matters have to be first sorted out, though my conviction about the need for a better deal for women remains unchanged."

What are the more pressing matters? The first priority for the new State Minister for Industry is to get a clear grasp of a subject entirely new to her. She is rather proud of the portfolio, which is undoubtedly a key one. She did not ask for it and, in the same spirit, she feels she will not shirk it.

"I feel that the challenge lies in proving that you can handle anything. I have self-confidence and so I have taken whatever the Prime Minister decided to allocate to me. But it needs hard work and home work. Right now I am busy round the clock touring, studying files to get the full background. And from what I have seen, the problem is not so much of wrong policies as of inadequate implementation. Very little has percolated to the micro-level and because of this both men and women are suffering. There are insufficient training facilities, the marketing system is bad and all small entrepreneurs are suffering. This is what we have to change, a new momentum must be built. An essential part of it will have to be the encouragement of women's participation in the industrial revolution, but I have not had enough time to work out anything specific yet. An idea that I am working hard on right now is to secure a confederation of unions, so that there is one union for one industry, at least in the sick industries. The management-worker relationship needs to be sorted out on a healthier basis than presently exists. That is the most immediate priority."

But while Abha Maity reiterates it is too early to launch anything specific for women, yet, she points out, hers is a ministry that can and will serve women. Khadi and Village Industries particularly provide a tremendous employment potential for women and this is an area in her charge. At the recent conference of State Industry Ministers she made a plea to reserve certain areas in khadi and village industries for women. Special loan and banking facilities to encourage women entrepreneurs and a greater emphasis on training programmes for women are other initiatives she plans to take up.

Outside her own portfolio, she would like to fight for "exemplary punishment for law violations relating to women, particularly for bigamy which is on the increase."

For Renuka Devi Barkataki there is no personal dilemma or dichotomy — her mandate to do something for women is clear cut, particularly as she is to be the effective member in charge of the National Committee on Women which the Prime Minister will tokenly chair.

There is no doubt she is a woman of determination and zest: she was one of the first to be arrested after the promulgation of the Emergency and remained in jail for its duration, much of the period seriously ill or recuperating from operations, and despite this she managed to organise certain social welfare activities from within the prison, helping to locate through constant letter-writing families of the vagabond women interned with her, securing better food for the prisoners and clothing the poorer ones who were in rags or semi-naked with her own "mekhilas." It was because of this, the general jubila-

Continued on page 16

WOMEN PICKPOCKETS

Pickpocketing is not an exclusively male profession, too hazardous for the gentler sex; quite a few women are flourishing as light-fingered artistes

Jyotsana Kapoor

Women criminals, as compared to their men counterparts, are in a small minority. Pickpocketing and theft are two common crimes indulged in by women as these are comparatively simple crimes and do not involve any kind of violence or physical risk. The lure of fancy clothes, good food and a desire to live beyond their means turns many innocent girls into thieves. And once they have overcome their initial hesitations and inhibitions, they become habitual offenders and beyond all help.

Prompted by their poor economic conditions, they usually come into contact with certain criminals who exploit them to further their own interest. Most of the criminals are small-time smugglers who live well, dress well and generally behave like businessmen. Some innocent young girls, who fall prey to their charm in the hope of getting married, end up being their victims. In Delhi alone, there are about 30 women pickpockets who have been convicted and there must be many more who have evaded the law so far.

A very interesting case is that of Bimla, who is an accomplished lock breaker. Her criminal career started a few years back when she met a young man called Raj Kumar, who posed as a businessman. She became an easy victim to his charming manners and, once married, he taught her the art of opening locks. She has achieved such mastery over this art now that all she needs is a hair-pin or a small pair of scissors. If she is ever caught, she quickly hides these in her big hair bun. Once, when she was caught, red-handed, she had to go to jail, but her husband was bailed out.

Realising that it would be difficult to operate with his wife when she comes out of the jail (since the police had become wise to her tactics), he started using his charm on Bimla's younger sister and now she lives with him and they both are allegedly working together, according to Mr. P.S. Bawa, S.P. (Crime), Delhi. Most of these criminals change their residence often and usually operate from different places. According to information received from a very reliable source some of them have even got lawyers on their monthly pay rolls who bail them out the moment they are arrested.

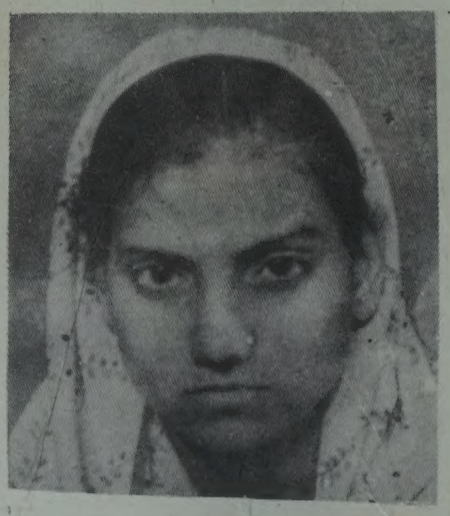
Punishment in such cases is not very heavy. The maximum period of detention is up to three years with a fine ranging from Rs. 500 to Rs. 3,000. "Though the law does not differentiate between women and men criminals, magistrates usually tend to take a lenient attitude towards women.

"It may be just the common courtesy shown to all women," says Mr. Bawa. "There is no justification for it, but it happens."

Meena

"A few years back the law laid down that the bonafides of a person offering surety for a criminal must be verified by the police before it is accepted by the court. But lately this law has been relaxed and anyone can stand surety and bail out the arrested person. According to the police authorities, most of these sureties are bogus. This is one reason responsible for the increase in crime in recent years," says Mr. Avtar Singh, D.S.P. (Crime). "Another reason, I think, is the glorification of such criminals in the films. Most of the poor girls try to identify themselves with Zeenat Amans and Hema Malinis of the Hindi films and end up being real life criminals."

The women pickpockets operate in busy shopping areas, crowded bus stops or in cinema houses or on railway stations.



Premlata Kumari

"They usually work in groups as it is safer and also quicker. A common modus operandi is for one woman to push against the selected victim and the other one to pick his hip pocket with a single jerk, commonly known as the 'salai' (knitting needle) method. With one jerk and the use of two fingers, the pickpocket not only succeeds in opening the pocket button but also takes out whatever is in the pocket. The unsuspecting victim only realises his loss when it is too late and by that time the operating thief has passed on the goods to her accomplice who soon gets away from the scene of the crime. In the same way, the clip of a woman's purse is also opened and anything that comes to hand is taken out. Women operating with men too have an advantage as men usually carry knives and when caught, they brandish it in front of the victim who is too scared to raise an alarm," says Mr. Avtar Singh.

There are some well known criminal tribes operating in certain areas of India. The Sansi tribe is known in Delhi. Banwaries and Meenas are two other well known tribes who come from Haryana and Rajasthan and operate in Delhi. The women of these tribes are criminals by tradition. Born and brought up in an atmosphere of crime and robbery, they learn the tricks of the trade by watching their menfolk.

16-year-old Meena is the oldest of five children of a respectable but poor man who is not able to fulfil all the demands of his grown up daughter. He lives in despair and at the verge of a nervous breakdown as he never knows when the police will knock at his door again. Meena started working with another girl who was a well-known criminal a few years ago.

"I used to go with her to marriages, etc. and keep a watch, while she used to open the purses of other women. She used to give me a part of her loot and this way I used to make about Rs. 20 to Rs. 25 a day. All this money was spent on eating out or seeing films," she said without any shame or embarrassment. "Once this woman went away, I started working on my own."

Meena was caught four times, once she was in jail for 9 months and the other three times she was kept in police custody for the night and then released on bail. She has no intention of giving up her present way of life as the attraction of money is irresistible. Practically living the life of a prisoner in her own home, she finds ways and means to deceive her parents and run away for a few hours.

Premlata Kumari is another well known criminal known for her daring robberies, and is recognised at almost all police stations. Allegedly the mistress of a well known man of Delhi, who is said to have had a shady past, she has been operating as confidence trickster for the last 22 years. She usually operates in railway carriages. A very clever woman, she wins over the confidence of one of her rich fellow

passengers and keeps a watch as to where the valuables are kept. Once the other person is relaxed, Premlata walks away taking with her the stolen luggage.

"On receiving a tip from a reliable source, the police raided her house and recovered keys to her three lockers from where they found various jewellery pieces and other valuables stolen over the years. She lives well in a properly furnished flat and has a TV set. She now belongs to what is known as the upper class of criminals in the criminal world and is a difficult person to catch," says Inspector Bhag Singh. According to Mr. Avtar Singh, thefts from trains are difficult to trace. "The passengers usually do not know where they lost their baggage and the police are often baffled in such cases," he says.

"No pickpocket comes home without committing at least one crime every day," says Mr. Avtar Singh. "But not many people come forward to report the theft, as they do not want to get involved with the drawn out proceedings of the case, so that most of the criminals go scot free. These people usually operate in different areas, and the police find it difficult to keep a watch on all of them. Moreover, a policeman also hesitates to touch a woman even when he knows she is committing a crime, unless there are other witnesses, as he is afraid that she may accuse him of trying to molest her."

But according to Mr. Bawa "It is a professional hazard. Law does not prevent us from taking action against a woman who is committing a crime. But no woman can be handcuffed or asked to appear as a witness. Section 160, Cr. P.C. defines the police officer's power to require attendance of witnesses thus: Any police officer making an investigation under this chapter may, by order in writing, require the attendance before himself of any person being within the limits of his own or any adjoining station who from the information given or otherwise, appears to be acquainted with the fact and circumstances of the case; and such person shall attend as so required:

"Provided that no male person under the age of fifteen years or woman shall be required to attend at any place other than the place in which such male person or woman resides.

"Further, the word woman denotes a female human being of any age.

"No exceptions can be made in any case," says Mr. Bawa. "Even if a woman has been a witness to a murder or a rape, no police officer can ask her to come to the police station. He has to go to her house and get her statement. But the law does not stop the woman from going to a police station and give evidence voluntarily if she so desires. No police officer can in writing summon a woman to the police station. Any deviation from this will be regarded as the contravention of the law. If a woman complains about this, action will be taken against the offending police officer."

If a person is arrested, he has to be kept in police custody for 24 hours. After that he has to be produced before a magistrate who can either bail him out or jail him. "Even within 24 hours that criminal is kept in police custody, a police officer can bail him out, if he so desires," says Mr. Bawa, "but after the expiry of 24 hours, police has no control over the decision of the magistrate."

According to Mr. Bawa, pickpockets go scot free most of the time as "money is something that cannot be identified. Once it is gone, it is gone. Either the man is caught red-handed or he is not caught at all. So the best way is to prevent it. When your pocket has been picked, it is too late. Money should be kept securely and not just put in a pocket carelessly. People must be more careful of their own property. Women should avoid travelling in buses wearing heavy jewellery and should not take into confidence another woman who is not known to them. No valuables should be left in the car. People must learn to safeguard their possessions and not leave anything to chance as it encourages crime and emboldens criminals."

OMISSION

In our issue dated January 28—February 3, 1978, the location of the fashion centre-spread — "Classic, Casual and Captivating" — was the Maharaja Lounge (Air India), Centaur Hotel.

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PART TWO

IF I DIE TOMORROW

Shashi Deshpande

THE STORY SO FAR

Guru is dying of cancer when he comes to the medical college campus for treatment, but he is no spent force. Approaching death seems only to have heightened his perception, honed his sensitivity and his arrival is like the proverbial cat among the pigeons. It churns up the placid surface of campus life and reveals concealed passions, hidden hostilities and the cross currents of guilty love.

NOW READ ON. . .

The summer seemed to go on and on. Many of the students had gone home, and as it was officially the vacation, the college wore a deserted look. But the hospital was as active as ever and the library still had lights burning till 10 at night. I myself was feeling much better. The child was more lively and I couldn't help responding to every kick with a rise in spirits. The joy of living. . . yes, I could feel it within me.

But oddly, as if to keep the scales evenly tilted, Sonu became a problem. She had, I think, realised early in my pregnancy that she no longer occupied the centre of the stage, so far as I was concerned. She had become more attached to Kamla, who had after all, looked after her since I had gone back to work when Sonu was only three months. But now, I resented this. It humiliated me, too, to see how much better she was with Kamla and Vijay than with me. Mealtimes, specially, had become a torture. She clenched her teeth, her soft baby lips set in a determined line and shook her head to everything. Her resistance infuriated me and I felt I had to break it down. My desperate attempts to control my temper usually gave way and ended in tears on my part and tantrums on hers.

I'm a failure, I thought. I can lecture to others' children on Economics, but I can't manage my own. It was a relief when, at this time, Sonu developed a sudden affection for gawky, teenaged Mriga, the Kulkarnis' only child. "Thanks a lot, Mriga," I said once when she brought a sleeping Sonu home. "You're a wonder with her." The child stood there, shuffling awkwardly as usual, gulping nervously. And I wondered again how the urbane Dr. Kulkarni could have a daughter like this. There was her mother, Shanta—dull, dumpy, stolid, dumbly adoring her husband. But Mriga was not like her either. "I only hope your parents can spare you. They don't mind your being here so much do they?

"Spare me?" She seemed incredulous. "But I'm only a girl."

"Girls are precious too," I smiled at her. She didn't smile back. She said with a painful intensity, "But I'm clumsy. And careless."

"And sloppy. And. . ." she hesitated and brought out a word finally with the quotation marks almost visible round it, ". . .an idiot." And she ran out.

Dr. Kulkarni. Who had spent nearly 15 years in England. And brought back a precise English, a correct accent, impeccable manners and a pipe-smoking habit. All of which made him, so many said, more English than the English. Was he, after all, just a traditional Hindu male, longing for a son and heir? Unhappy because he hadn't one and taking it out on poor Mriga?

It was as if I'd been blind all these days, I'd suddenly begun seeing shapes and patterns I'd never seen before. There was Tony I came across one morning. "Vacation?" I casually asked. "Vacation?" he grinned. "Yes, a

long vacation for me, man. You don't know? I got the boot. Sacked. Poor old Tony. Nobody wants him now. Almost was in the National team once. Almost went to the Olympics. Almost did so many things. Now I'm only poor old Tony."

"I'm sorry, Tony," I said lamely, realising Tony was a bit tight. At ten in the morning?

"Sorry? Why should you be sorry? I'm fine, Cyn's bringing home the cash. All I have to do is to stay at home and be Cynthia's husband."

Now I could understand the pucker between Cynthia's brows, that faraway look in her eyes recently. I wasn't the only one to notice.

"Could you have Anand with you for lunch tomorrow?" Sunita asked me rather awkwardly. "And keep him with you later? Both Shyam and I are tied up in the Theatre till four."

"Why, of course. No problem."

"Not that I can't leave lunch for Anand at home," she spoke in a rush. "He manages himself fine. But when I'm not there, he runs over to Tony. And you know how Tony is these days. . . boozed. I can't forbid Anand, either. He sulks. As it is. Tony is his only friend."

"He's a reserved child," I agreed.

"Reserved? He's a snob. He just won't adjust to life and people here. Always talking of the States. He calls that home. And Shyam encourages him. If it hadn't been for me, we would still have been there. But," she looked grim, "I wasn't going to have my son brought up in that atmosphere. . . affluence, or no affluence. But it looks like the damage has already been done."

"Give him time, Sunita. After all, he's spent nine of his ten years in the States."

"I know, but. . I wish he'd get friendly with kids his age. There's the Shahs' Santosh. But those kids are worse than Anand. Real recluses. I suppose the parents are scared of the scandal getting to their kids' ears."

"Scandal?" My voice rose. "What scandal?"

"Don't you know? Sorry, I thought you did. Guru said something the other day, so I presumed you all knew. We knew about it in the States. Forget it, Manju. It's not worth talking about."

Vimla and Sumant Shah. Vimla, an earnest social worker who worked with deaf and dumb kids. Domesticated, wrapped up in her home and kids. And Sumant, quiet, unassuming. Coming straight back from anaesthesia to stamp collecting. A scandal? It was like looking through a kaleidoscope. Everything was fluid, changing.

Life seemed to go on routinely, but hidden emotions, earlier indiscretions, were surfacing, and at a party, the cracks in seemingly well-knit families showed themselves to the watchful Manju

"One thing about Guru," I said to Meera. "He's all of one piece. I mean, there's no false facade to him."

Meera began to giggle. "That's what you think! If you knew. . ."

"Come on, Meera, tell," I coaxed her.

"He was a waster, you know. The fun-loving type. Everything but work and studies. And an eye for pretty girls as well." The smile fled from ner face. "I suppose it runs in the family."

I was startled. Ashok's flirtations were well known, but we had imagined Meera knew nothing about them. "About Guru," I prompted. "Yes, Guru. Well, when he failed his B.A. the third time, and there was some scandal about a girl as well, his father, Ashok's uncle, they say, thrashed him. Result. . . Guru disappeared. Never came back in spite of 'come back, all forgiven' notices being put in all the papers. And just as suddenly he reappeared ten years back—quiet, sober, ready to turn his hand to any work. And then this happened."

I couldn't help smiling at the thought of Guru's past when I saw him next. "What's that for?" he asked me.

Guru had changed recently. His pallor was frightening and the smallest effort seemed to exhaust him terribly.

"I was just wondering how many secrets a face can hide."

"Multitudes, I expect. We all wear masks, don't we? But we shouldn't. I've realised that only now. If only I'd known earlier. Now, there's so little time left. So little time." His voice trailed off into a plaintive murmur. With an obvious effort, he tried to speak lightly. "I suppose, Manju, it's only in a good marriage that one can dispense with masks. You should tell me about that. I know nothing."

I thought of my own marriage and the silences and barriers that existed between me and Vijay. And burst into tears. I couldn't control myself. I heard the scrape of a chair and could feel Guru's hand patting me. Quite futilely, for I shook and sobbed as if I would never stop. Finally, Guru held me close and comforted me as if I was a child. I found myself calming down. And at that moment, Vijay entered.

Strangely, neither Guru nor I was flustered. I scrubbed my wet face with my sari and Guru went leisurely back to his chair, saying, "Hello, Vijay."

"Hello," Vijay replied tonelessly. And then there was a silence which seemed to go on and on. Finally Guru got up saying, "I won't keep you from your lunch," and went out. He never, I had noticed, said any words of farewell. Even after he went the silence between me and Vijay lengthened and stretched. Let him speak. I won't. Finaliy he did. "Lunch ready?"

And that was that! I'd heard of a husband and wife coming closer together in a pregnancy. With us, we'd drifted further apart. The kindness Vijay gave me was the impersonal kindness of a stranger. We had even, I realised, stoppel quarrelling. And then one day, something flared between us. Sonu was the innocent cause of it all.

She had eaten her dinner without fuss and feeling pleased with her, I told her to go to the toilet before going to bed. She hesitated. "I want Kamla," she said.

"Go on," I encouraged, stifling a small spark of irritation. "You don't need her. You're a big girl."

"I want Papa," she said.

"Papa's busy. You don't need anyone."

But the child refused to budge. She began to sniffle saying, "Papa, papa." Her tears and moans infuriated me. I don't want her to grow up a clinging vine. I wanted her to be fearless and independent. It became a struggle between us—I determined she should go alone. As I made her climb the stairs, pressing her small fingers from the bannisters, she began to scream, a shrill, high-pitched scream.

Suddenly, there was Vijay. "What is it, Sonu?"

Sonu flew to him, clutching him round the legs, still sobbing and hiccupping, while I stood there, feeling weak, all anger drained out of me, seeing how her small body trembled.

"What is it?" Vijay turned to me for the first time.

"I asked her to go to the toilet. She refused to go alone."

"I. . . I. . . I. . ." Sonu's voice quavered and shook like her body as she tried to speak.

"For God's sake, leave her alone," Vijay shouted. Without masks. . . is this how you want it to be, Guru? No, better to have them on. Far, far better. "Can't you see she's scared to death?"

"I don't want her to be scared." I tried to speak calmly. "I don't want her to be a whiner. I want. . ."

"You want! You want! You want! Can't you ever see anyone but yourself? Not even your own child? Leave her alone."

"Yes, I'll leave her alone. Leave her to you. To spoil and pamper."

Vijay ignored me completely. He bent down to Sonu and picked her up. As he carried her up, murmuring soothing words, it hurt me to see her hands clasped tightly behind his neck. I stood there alone and desolate for a time. Then I walked out of the house.

It was a dark night. There was a hint of a breeze, a whiff of freshness outside which hadn't penetrated into the house. But there was no comfort for me in that. There was no comfort in anything. I walked on blindly, in a kind of unthinking motion, one foot in front of another, one foot in front of another.

I came out of the fog only when I heard a voice, "Why Manju!" Even then I could see nothing but Sonu clinging to Vijay and looking at me with fear. And Vijay glaring hatred at me. "Out so late? And by yourself?"

Dark clouds were scurrying across the inky black sky. A pale moon peeped through for a second showing me the Dean. I responded dully to his greeting, showing neither interest nor embarrassment. Though I could taste the salt on my lips and knew I was crying. And I knew, from the way he spoke, that he knew it too. As I tried to respond to his talk, I began to come to myself. And I saw that the Dean didn't look his usual self either.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'd been to Ashok's. Guru wanted to see me, I'll walk home with you. I'd like to see Vijay for a minute."

Vijay opened the door for me instantly. "Where were you?" he asked me angrily. "Sonu wants you. She's been crying for you."

"I'm going. The Dean wants to see you. He's outside."

Sonu's voice came to me from her room. "Have you come, Mama? Have you come?"

"Yes, my pet, I'm here." I sat by her and kissed her soft, warm, wet cheek. "Why are you crying, baby?"

"I thought. . . I thought. . . you've gone away."

"Silly child, I'm not going anywhere. I'm here. Go to sleep."

She held my hand in both hers and gave a soft sigh. Soon her hands relaxed their hold on mine I sat beside her for a long time, crouching awkwardly. At last I covered her and got up and went into our room. Vijay

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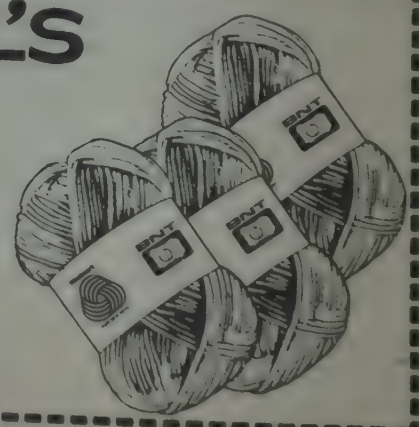

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IF I DIE TODAY

hadn't come in as yet. I changed, folded my clothes, brushed my teeth and got into bed. Vijay came in. He gave me a quick glance and looked away. He said nothing. Nor did I. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, while Vijay read beside me, seemingly unaware of my presence.

The next morning we resumed our usual routine. It was as if last night had never been. But can one ever erase anything as completely as that? There was an uneasiness between us that could not be ignored. So that when Vijay came back early from work, I found myself foolishly dreading the long evening that lay ahead of us.

And then, the phone rang. "It's Ashok," Vijay told me. "They want us to go to their place." "Let's go," I said in relief.

"A party? At such short notice?" I asked Meera in surprise, noting the number of people already there. "Ask Guru. It's his idea."

"You've all been so kind and hospitable to me, I thought I should return your hospitality," Guru told me. Guru's face, I noticed, had a guarded look. . . the look of a man who constantly nurses pain. He didn't stay with us long. He soon went to bed. Meera came out to say, "He's gone to bed. He says we should go on nevertheless."

Soon after, there was, I remember, a panel discussion we all wanted to watch as our students were taking part. Meera switched on the TV and lowered the lights. Tony and Cynthia quietly came in while we were watching. Later there was an animated discussion about the programme. I was with Vimla when Tony joined us. Earlier, hearing his loud laughter, it had already crossed my mind that he was, once again, not too sober. But he looked pretty much as usual, his face flushed and damp with the heat, his multicoloured shirt sticking to him with perspiration.

"Hi, Tony," I smiled at him. "How are you?"

"Fine, as you can see." He made an expansive gesture and his fork fell out of his hand on Vimla's foot.

"Oh, sorry, sorry, sorry." He knelt down to pick it up and began to prod Vimla's foot. "Have I hurt you? Let me see, let me see, man."

Vimla drew her foot into her sari and said, hiding her annoyance with an effort, "I'm all right."

"No, no, it's not all right." Tony was still kneeling, still scrabbling vainly for Vimla's foot. "Let me see what I've done. Show me I haven't hurt you. Tell me you forgive me."

I stifled a gigle. High? Tony had obviously gone way past the ceiling. Vimla, to my surprise, was furious. Not the right way of dealing with Tony at the moment. "Please don't make a fool of yourself."

He got up at that. "Okay if that's the way you want it. But if that prick is infected, and you get te. . , te. . . tetanus, don't blame me. But, of course, you can look after yourself, can't you? Once a nurse, always a nurse, isn't it darling?"

"Don't call me darling." Vimla was now holding herself in with rigid self-control. "And I'm not a nurse. I never was one."

Tony gave a huge sigh. "She doesn't like me," he told me with a faint self-pitying air. "She doesn't love me. But nurses are like that. They can only love doctors."

Vimla repeated with a touch of hysteria in her tone, "I'm not a nurse."

Tony began laughing, a laughter that turned into a silly whinny. Cynthia heard and turned round sharply. She was with us in an instant. "Come on, boy, let's go home."

"Home? And the party just beginning? Just because this lady. . . this ex-sister doesn't like me? Let me tell you, Madam, I don't like liars. I'm a God-fearing, truthful, honest man."

Cynthia tugged at Tony, murmuring, "Come on Tony." Ineffectually, because, even if he had gone flabby, Tony was still a powerful man. Ashok came over and said, "Why don't you come in and lie down for a few moments, Tony? Come with me."

Surprisingly he went, meek as a lamb. What I was looking at however was Vimla. The angry colour on her face had faded and she was looking around as if for someone. It was Sumant's eye she caught at last in a kind of agonised plea. And he. . . if ever I saw fear anywhere, it was on their faces then. . . Sumant's and Vimla's.

I went to bed that night full of Cassandra-like forebodings. I tried to rationalise them away, but they stayed with me until I fell asleep. I woke up the next morning to the strident sound of the phone ringing. It was Ashok. Guru was dead. He had died in his sleep.

To Be Continued

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Suresh Chaturvedi

HONEY

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INTERNAL USES

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Those who have weak memory should take one teaspoon honey with one cup of milk. This strengthens the memory.

One teaspoon honey with half a teaspoon lemon juice taken twice a day makes the complexion smooth and glowing.

Honey provides energy if taken daily with bread, toast or chappati.

One teaspoon honey with powder of two cardamoms taken thrice a day is effective in stopping hiccups, reducing abdomen heat, giddiness, excess thirst, vomiting, piles and excessive bile.

To get relief in cough and cold, take one teaspoon honey with a few drops of ginger juice or betel leaf juice — thrice a day.

To reduce weight, children should take one teaspoon honey in a glass of water early in the morning, and adults one tablespoon honey in a glass of water.

EXTERNAL USES

To heal a wound or injury honey can be applied as an ointment or it can be mixed with any antiseptic powder or lotion.

If you have weak eyesight or are suffering from any eye problem, apply honey in the eyes with an absolutely clean eyeliner brush. Do this every night and you will see results in a couple of weeks.

HOW TO TEST PURE HONEY

Pure honey does not stick on cloth.

If a cotton wick dipped in pure honey is burnt, it will produce a flame.

MICROWAVE OVEN

THE SPACE-AGE COOKER

We are in the midst of a "technological explosion." A new boon to the housewife, hailed as the "greatest discovery since fire," the microwave oven has revolutionised the conventional concept of cooking. Preparing food is much easier and less time-consuming today, thanks to this space-age cooker now catching on rapidly in the Western world. The phenomenal popularity of and the increasing demand for this sophisticated new kitchen appliance can be gauged from the fact that today Japan alone is producing more than 800,000 microwave ovens a year.

Microwaves are waves of energy (short wavelengths — from 25 millimetres to a metre — and high frequencies — 300 million to 100 thousand million cycles per second) similar to those sent out by television and radio stations. When microwaves fall on non-metallic objects they cause a heating effect. They do not use the direct application of heat, as all other cooking media do. In conventional cooking the food is kept in a metal container. The surface of the food gets heated and this heat is transferred to the interior by conduction. A large quantity of heat is dissipated in heating the container, and usually food takes quite a long time to cook. In microwave heating, however, the heat is generated directly inside the material (the waves are instantly absorbed into the food, becoming heat) and hence the temperature rises quickly to cook the food.

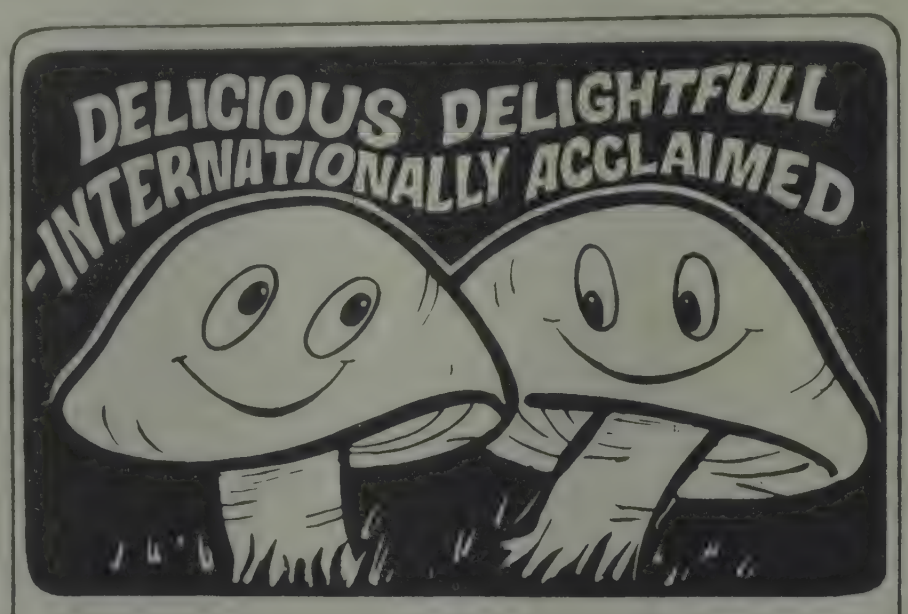
The application of microwave energy for cooking is due to the fact that water absorbs this energy, readily converting into heat. When the invisible microwaves enter food they cause the liquid or moisture molecules to vibrate 2,450 million times a second. The resulting friction causes the food to heat. The energy is thus absorbed by foods, usually having a high water content while containers of substances like glass (ceramics and chinaware and even the oven's reflective metal wall remain cool. Thus not only can cooking be done on paper, plastic, glass, china and ceramics, but these materials, not having the moisture molecules of food, transmit the waves without absorbing them. This reduces dishwashing time, for the food does not stick to the materials used.

A microwave oven is so designed that all the parts of the oven cavity and the food are evenly irradiated and essentially all the available microwave energy is absorbed by the food, irrespective of size. For example, two potatoes will take twice as long to cook as one. Microwave cooking can also enhance the flavour of food because it is fast and can cook with little or no water. The natural colour is also preserved. Left-overs can be brought back to the original fresh-cooked flavour in just a few minutes. Many pre-cooked frozen foods can be on the dining table piping hot in six minutes. It takes only one minute to cook a slice of bacon (that too on a paper towel without burning it either) to crisp perfection.

The discovery of microwave oven is no less interesting and astounding. One afternoon in 1945, an American scientist, Percy Spencer, laid a chocolate bar beside a radar vacuum tube he was testing in his laboratory. Moments later, lo and behold, the candy bar was a melted mess! A brain-storming idea to the researcher. He put the popcorn kernels before a radar horn antenna. The kernels danced into fluffy white popcorn. The egg, he placed later near the horn exploded with a bang. No effect whatsoever was however noticeable when the scientist placed a glas bulb to verify this strange phenomenon. This accidental but far-reaching discovery that one can cook with radio waves, with micro-waves, has proved to be a blaze-trailer and a trend-setter in the realm of cookery. And one should not be surprised if the microwave ovens eventually make the electric and gas ovens as obsolete as the wood-burning stoves.

Microwave ovens have been installed in India by some big hotels and catering institutes since the total cooking time with microwaves is of the order of three minutes only, with practically no wastage of heat. However, their cost is prohibitive at present and their manufacture in India is still a distant possibility.

Dhirendra Kumar Dixit



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LIFELONG-THE REVOLUTIONARY FOOD WARMER PEOPLE

TWO WOMEN IN CENTRAL MINISTRY

Continued from page 9

tion at her release (her candidature had been announced by all the then opposition parties jointly while she was still in prison) was tempered by tears as her fellow prisoners, ordinary criminals whom her compassion had touched, wondered how they would live without her.

Organisation is also a special forte of the woman who has been a trade unionist leader all her life, a member of Parliament and then of the Assam State legislature in which she became Leader of the Opposition. So hopes have been running high ever since Mrs. Barkataki took charge of the Women's Bureau.

"I intend to press for an inter-ministerial coordination committee so that we can push the women's cause through at every level, in every sphere," she told me and talked about the need for and possibility of a Women's Cell in the Planning Commision to bring women's needs into focus at the policy planning stage. "We must have time-bound targets that clearly spell out the number of beneficiaries that will be reached at the end of the programme — and clear cut financial allocations to implement the plans which have been highlighted in the National Plan of Action for Women that our ministry has formulated and circulated to all the states. And I am very hopeful that we can get whatever we want because the Prime Minister has categorically assured me that money will not be a problem for women's developmental work."

These are sound ideas and the Prime Minister's assurance is most welcome. However, more than a month has elapsed since Mrs. Barkataki told this reporter that a Committee would be finalised "any day now" and once again precious days are ticking by bringing the second year of the International Women's Decade to a close without even a programme of action chalked or the machinery set up to make this Decade a period of achievement for women. In the high powered pressures of party politics in the capital the woman issue remains peripheral. Will Renuka Devi Barkataki break the barrier or will her enthusiasm end in an eddy of words? The danger is there, her sincerity notwithstanding. And for this she, and we, had better watch out.

(Since this was written the National Committee on Women has been formed with 26 members. The Prime Minister is chairman and Mrs. Barkataki is vice-chairman—Ed.)

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

THIS IS AMAZING! IT SAYS HERE THAT SCIENTISTS HAVE MANAGED TO FUSE HUMAN CELLS WITH THOSE OF A PLANT!
WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO DO THAT?
TO CREATE PEOPLE-PLANTS!
IMAGINE AN ORANGE THAT CAN SQUEEZE ITS OWN JUICE!
SPINACH THAT WASHES ITSELF....A WATERMELON THAT SPITS OUT ITS SEEDS.... A SELF-PEELING BANANA!
!
WHAT A BOON TO MANKIND!
THAT'S THE MOST AWFUL THING I EVER HEARD OF!
11-14
cate, Inc., 1978.
IMAGINE LOOKING INTO A POTATO'S EYES AND KNOW IT'S LOOKING BACK AT YOU!
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HA HA world of laughter

A farmer had such a pretty wife that he couldn't keep his hands off her. So he fired the hands and bought a tractor.

* * *

She was only a farmer's daughter—but she tried every salesman's samples.

* * *

A man went into the insurance office to report that his car had been stolen and he would like to get his money. The insurance executive was polite but firm. "Sorry, we do not give you the money; we replace the car with a new one."

The man answered indignantly, "If that's the way you do business, you can cancel the policy on my wife."

* * *

The story is told of an American, Frenchman, Chinese and Scotsman drinking beer. A fly fell into each of the four glasses. The American tossed his drink away. The Frenchman drew out the fly and drank the beer. The Chinese tossed away the beer but ate the fly. The Scotsman drank his beer, but sold the fly to the Chinese.

* * *

Old maids can now buy cellophane mattresses, so they don't have to jump out of bed to see who's underneath.

* * *

A guest at a summer resort on the Borscht Belt was taking free dancing lessons every day. At the end of one of the sessions, he sat down exhausted next to a friend who was engrossed in the "New York Times."

"What do you think of this Sukarno?" the studious one asked, banging the paper.

"Please," said the dancer, "I'm having enough trouble with the rhumba."

* * *

A three-year-old was struggling with the back button on his new long underwear. Finally he gave up, trotted up to his mother and said "Mommy, open my bathroom door, please."

* * *

A little boy looked at his mother's fur coat and remarked, "How that poor beast must have suffered so that you might have that coat."

His mother answered, "Shut up, you shouldn't talk about your father that way."

* * *

Two movieland children, both offsprings of much-married, much-divorced parents, got into a fight about the abilities of their respective mothers. The argument really got hot and one kid said, "Well, anyway, my father can lick your father."

"Are you kidding?" said the other kid. "Your father is my father."

* * *

"A hundred rupees for a hat?" he hollered to his wife. "Don't you know it's a sin to spend a hundred rupees on a hat?"

"Why should you care? The sin is on my head."

* * *

The irate husband was complaining that his wife was a liar.

"What makes you say that?"

"She came home early this morning and told me she spent the night with Margie."

"How do you know she was lying?"

"Because it was ME who spent the night with Margie."

* * *

A girl who tries to talk her boyfriend into buying her a silk nightgown—usually ends up with her boyfriend trying to talk her out of it.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

POSSIBILITIES FOR INVOLVEMENT

Tamashree Sen & Suman Pai

Continuing the series on women's social service bodies which need your help, we give the list of such groups in Bombay

"We talk of revolutions, political and economic. And yet the greatest revolution in our country is one that affects the status and living conditions of women in our country." This famous quote by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has inspired many a woman to come out of her sheltered home to lend a helping hand to her less privileged sisters. Organisations big and small were born to contribute their mite to this noble endeavour.

The publicity given to women's welfare lately has helped in bringing women in increasing numbers to this field of activity. However a survey showed that women are not very clear as to where they can offer their services. Eve's Weekly through this article proposes to list the various women's organisations in Bombay which would welcome voluntary help from women.

Young Women's Christian Association,
18, Madame Cama Road,
Bombay 400 039.

The Bombay Y.W.C.A. was the first to recognise the problems of accommodation for women working in places other than their hometowns. Four hostels (at present three) came into existence to provide a "home away from home" at Fort, Cooperage Road, Byculla and Andheri, the last catering to the low income group girls. A physical education training centre for women teachers as well as a commercial school were also the first of their kind in Bombay.

The nutrition education programme educates low income group women about low cost balanced diets, while a bakery craft training project for housewives serves small babies and low income group women.

The education programme is extensive and covers subjects from domestic art to public involvement in social services and understanding of political responsibilities from individual development to community development.

To the impressive list is added a commercial school, an international guest house, nursery schools in Byculla and Andheri, a youth club, games club, classes in arts and crafts, cooking, Indian dancing, a finishing course, a marriage preparation course and a stree matadar sanstha.

Last but not the least in importance are the Employment Bureau and Community Service which have rendered help to hundreds of women all over Bombay.

The Y.W.C.A. is forever out to enter new fields. 1978 will see the fulfilment of a long cherished dream in the shape of a Polytechnique which was a centenary project (1975) but is yet to start. However classes have started, which include training in making women's and children's garments, home nursing, child care, food preservation, handicrafts, housekeeper's training, laundry and beauty care.

The Y.W.C.A. has always had as one of its prime objectives, rehabilitation of destitute women. Formerly the Association sought only to provide domestic work or employment in factories. This year a further step will be taken in the same direction. A follow-up programme will be initiated to obtain feedback on the women sent for employment by them.

Any woman desirous to serve her less fortunate sisters through Y.W.C.A. must become a member of this organisation and be over 16 years of age. Ladies with ample time on their hands will be most welcome.

Seva Sadan Society,
Pandita Ramabai Road,
Gamdevi, Bombay 400 007.

The Society came into being in 1908 with three principal objectives — uplift of women, providing a home for the homeless and training Indian women to be capable of earning their livelihood and be financially independent.

Seva Sadan welcomes orphan girls, widows, deserted wives and other needy girls and women. It's like one big family where the girls are made to feel wanted and loved. The girls married off by the society pay regular visits afterwards. "It's like visiting the family after marriage," the secretary said with a smile.

Besides providing a shelter for the needy the society imparts preprimary and primary education and sends students to high schools and colleges. They have also classes for English, typewriting, tailoring and embroidery.

Seva Sadan invites dedicated women to help them realise their aims.

Bhagini Samaj,
Bhagini Samaj, Maganlal Ghia Building, 225 Khetwadi Main Road, Bombay 400 004.

An institution based on Gandhian principles—that's Bhagini Samaj. Founded in memory of Shri Gopal Krishna Gokhale on February 19, 1916, it is dedicated to the welfare of women and children irrespective of caste, creed or religion.

An integrated rural development programme is perhaps the finest work being carried out by the women here. They have the distinction of being one of the few women's organisations, who have answered the cry "To the villages."

This social work for the uplift of the Adivasi women has been on since two decades. Their Udvada Kendra in Gujarat houses a home science school, an ashram shala and a hostel. Here girls learn to become useful, self-dependent future citizens of the country. Besides being trained to do the usual domesic chores they are taught sewing, embroidery, gardening and music.

Harijan girls are also admitted. Thus they try to eradicate the social evil of untouchability.

They envisage a further extension of this programme for the current year and for this purpose an appeal has been made to UNESCO for a grant which, if secured, will enable them to commence village social work. To begin with they intend to adopt four to five villages around Udvada. They will then organise literacy and education programmes, for which they propose to develop a multi-media centre with a library to make available audio-visual materials. Their plans also include entertainment and cultural programmes. They will be assisted by the students of S.N.D.T. University in this social service.

They also undertake various activities in Bombay. They conduct a club for middle class women which provides games, a family welfare centre where arrangements are made for free medical check up and advice to mothers and two hostels for office going and other working women at Lamington Road and Dadar. Bal Mandirs at Mathew Road and Islampura Street and a creche and classes for the Harijan community in the BDD chawls at Bellasis Road are also conducted.

This organisation also publishes a monthly bulletin called "The Bhagini Samaj Patrika".

Membership of this organisation is secured at a nominal yearly fee of Rs. six. However, volunteers are welcome. The work assigned to each will depend on qualifications.

Mahila Arthik Vikas Mahamandal,
Bombay Life Insurance Bldg.,
Veer Nariman Road, Fort,
Bombay 400 001.

The Mahila Arthik Vikas Mahamandal (MAVIM) which will complete its three years on February 24, 1978, concerns itself with employment for needy women, particularly those from the slum areas and backward classes. MAVIM is the parent body of the various mahilamandals which exist in all the districts.

To begin with, MAVIM conducts a market survey to find out the marketability of goods which women can produce. The mahila mandals are then instructed accordingly and once the goods are manufactured, the MAVIM finds markets for them.

The unique feature of MAVIM is that it not only provides employment for women but also sells products at a much lower price than the market rate. Among such items are milk, vegetables and foodgrains. It also accepts catering orders, arranges the stitching and selling of bedsheets, uniforms and other items, the collection of mango seeds, exhibition of handicrafts, disbursement of loans to women for business, education of the unemployed at the Mahila Udyog Kendra which educates women of the Ambewadi slum area in various aspects of home care and vocational training, and runs a MAVIM sales centre where the goods produced are marketed.

MAVIM intends to set up a distribution network of dry fruits, manufacture leather goods, secure orders for indoor potted plants and flower arrangement, promote handicrafts and dolls through udyog kendras at Govandi and Deonar, establish a MAVIM sales counter at the Mantralaya Co-op. Stores and lastly, undertakes activities like distribution of milk, soap making, packing and selling oranges, preparing and selling of sevaya and papad and packing bidi leaves.

To work for MAVIM an individual has to be a member of a mahila mandal or belong to a social service group with at least 15 members.

Association of Social Health in India,
Maharashtra Branch.

The 20-year-old Association of Social Health in India (Maharashtra branch) is active in rescuing and rehabilitating girls and women in moral danger, marriage counselling, sex education to teenagers and prevention and eradication of venereal diseases.

The task is both difficult and risky. The only paid social worker on whose shoulder this awesome burden rests does her work with a rare combination of courage, cleverness, daring and humility that must be seen to be believed. She is helped by the Vigilance Branch of the Greater Bombay police.

The Association runs a health advisory clinic with the help of well-known venereologists of the city,and has plans for a home-cum-training centre at Mankhurd to impart vocational training to rescued girls, which would help them to go back to society as responsible citizens, but owing to lack of funds it has not taken shape yet. Though the Association receives a grant from the government it is grossly inadequate. Fund raising drives and donations help to supplement the grant. But that again is not an easy job. Entrance to the association is easy. All except the secretary are volunteers.

Stree Seva Sahakar Sangh Niyameet,
30E Ambekar Nagar,
Parel, Bombay 400 012.

This Sangh is one of the few women's co-op. societies. It secures job orders from government and private organisations on a contract basis and then employs needy women. This organisation follows a no profit no loss programme. Hence women can earn even up to Rs. 20-25 a day. It accepts job orders for file laces, stamp pads, dusters, mosquito nets, envelopes, chalks, candles, bandages, gum, papad, spices, chilli powder, etc.

The only real difficulty the Sangh faces is that there is no continuity of job orders and thus no assured market.

All shareholders are members of the Sangh. Shares are Rs. two each. The women employed by this Sangh buy more shares from their earnings, which in turn pay them more dividends.

Shraddhanand Mahilasbram
Shraddhanand Cross Rd.,
Matunga.

The Shraddhanand Mahilashram can be described as a multi-purpose institution looking after women right from the infant stage to old age.

Eatablished in 1928, it has laboured to rehabilitate destitute girls, unmarried mothers and female convicts.

Girls at this institution receive formal education and are also given training in vocations like nursing, typewriting, secretarial practice, sewing and embroidery. Besides all these, every girl has to compulsorily undergo home service training such as cooking and cleaning. On completion of their education, the girls secure jobs outside but continue to reside in the ashram till marriage. They are given in marriage to boys whose character and background are thoroughly screened. The institution then becomes the "Maher" for these girls who are always welcome for their first delivery.

Female convicts are not segregated from the other inmates. These women are generally guilty of having committed infanticide impelled by fear of social obloquy. This sympathetic attitude towards these fallen women has worked wonders. A home for the aged is run by the Shraddhanand Ashram at Bassien along with their Montessory school.

The emotional bonds that hold together a family are so strong that they can be broken only by severe economic stress. A work centre was set up to prevent a family from totally breaking up. Women from outside the ashram, in whose family there may not be any earning member or whose family requires a supplementary income are employed here. The 200 women working here do semi-technical jobs.

The ashram also runs a hostel for working women from the lower income group and they are looked after well for a very modest sum. This institution is entirely dependent financially on funds from charitable people and its members and grants from the government.

Volunteers are welcome.

Incidentally, Shraddhanand Ashram celebrates its Golden Jubilee during Feb/March this year.

Women's Welfare Centre,
15-A Shraddhanand House,
Shraddhanand Rd,
Matunga, Bombay 400 019.

This centre plans to fight the twin evils of adulteration and inflated prices. It is setting up three stalls in Bombay to be manned entirely by women. Unadulterated consumer products at reasonable rates will be sold here. They also intend to set up laboratories to test the purity of products sold in the market.

This centre was founded in the year 1968 to undertake social work. It was instrumental in starting a ladies' post office at Matunga and Sion.

It is also involved in a slum improvement programme. It has procured water supply to slums and has started health camps and distribution of milk, bread and vitamins.

Widows are trained to help them in their search for employment. Jobs are sought for handicapped and physically disabled women capable of doing at least some kind of work.

Bapnughar,
Annie Besant Road, Worli.

Bapnughar provides free shelter for women in social distress. The organisation came into existence in 1943 through the magnanimity of the founder-chairman, the late Manu Subedar. It is part of the Maharashtra State Women's Council.

Bapnughar is a temporary home for women who have problems with their husbands, parents or other family members. But its aim is not limited to housing them. It attempts at reconciliation, at sending women back to their homes. However, when all efforts prove fruitless, steps are taken for judicial separation or divorce. Such women are then sent to the rehabilitation centre where they are taught to be self-reliant through training in sewing and cooking and literacy classes.

For the benefit of non-residential women, Bapnughar has started a Family Counselling Service, literacy classes in Marathi, Hindi and English, and a youth guidance and counselling cell.

To serve on the Bapnughar panel a woman must first become a member of the MSWC. She is then sent to any one of the 19 committees according to her wishes and capability. However, a woman can join MSWC only as a volunteer. A few years later she may stand for election as a member. Membership fee is a nominal Rs. 12 per year for MSWC. Both members and volunteers work on an honorary basis. The superintendent, the house assistant, three social workers and part-time teachers for literacy, embroidery and cutting classes are paid.

Azad Mahila Sangh,
Plot No. 91, Rd. No. 25,
Sion West, Bombay 400 022.

"Our main object is to provide relief to the poor and middle class women," said the president of this organisation.

The Sangh conducts sewing and embroidery classes, painting and art classes, yoga classes and a study circle. These are free for the poor and a nominal tuition fee is charged for lower middle class women. The women residing at Dharavi slums benefit from the free distribution of buttermilk by this Sangh every day. Plans are being drawn to start a free medical service, a graha udyog vibhag ensuring employment as well as some financial assistance to needy women, and cookery and beauty care classes.

This Sangh needs voluntary assistance which one can offer by sending an application to the Sangh. The membership fee is nominal.

Maharashtra Sahakar Udyogini, Ltd.,
Indian Housing Society,
Shivaji Park, Bombay 400 028.

The aim of this institution is to provide full time and part time employment to needy women, to train women for different professions, to improve their job potentiality and to help women to be self-employed.

The institution has undertaken a study of the socio-economic problems of the economically weaker section of women. It has started a working women's hostel for 200 women, and has helped to secure bank loans worth Rs. 40,000.

It proposes to start a flour mill and co-op. store at its hostel at Chembur.

Women who can assist them in any way are welcome.

Sion-Wadala-Kurla-Chembur Mahila Mandal,
Salva Auditorium, King's Circle, Bombay 400 019.

This mandal of the All-India Women's Conference has been working to achieve its aims of uplifting women and children since its inception in 1968.

It has undertaken activities which help the progress of whole families. These include a work centre, a tailoring section, a canteen, a grocery centre, an educational centre, milk booths, and a recreation centre in the children's ward of the Sion hospital.

Besides these regular activities, programmes are arranged every month for the members. The most important of these are cooking competitions held annually which display nutritious low-budget preparations. Encouragement is also given to artists among the members.

A youth centre was started recently in the slums at Dharavi-Kumbharwada covering 500 families.

The centre takes care of the free time of the school children and protects them from falling prey to bootleggers, pickpockets and matka goons.

The Mandal plans to set up a unit to produce dusters and napkins. This will ensure employment to many women.

Any woman above 18 is welcome to become a member of this Mandal. A fee of Rs. five per year is to be paid by the members. Life membership is Rs. 101.

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FOR THE NURSERY

Our young readers will love these captivating wall decorations with endearing animal motifs. Embroidered in brightly coloured wool, they have a neat finish. They are the handiwork of Bombay-based Girija Mirchandani of "Gigi Creations", whose first exhibition of unusual children's wear and wall decorations in the city was well received.

Girija's diverse household chores, with her two young children aged two and three to look after, leave her very little time to work on her creations, yet she had managed to produce quite a number of them for her show.

How was this possible?

"Wool is a fascinating medium," she says. "Besides, it's quick and easy to work with wool . . ."

Would you like to try your hand at these decorations? All you need is a little imagination, patience and perseverance; canvas/jute, wool needle and bits of gaily coloured wool — all inexpensive materials.

These cute items not only brighten up drab walls but your leisure hours, too. And what is more, they come in handy to solve your gift problems.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

HE COULDN'T FORGIVE ME FOR OUR DAUGHTER'S DEATH

My husband couldn't forgive me for our daughter's death. I sensed his revulsion of me in the years that came in the wake of Dimpy's tragedy. His body urged him to make love, but his spirit rebelled. One part of him was not there, the half which tried to discredit my existence. He had closed his mind away from me, withdrawn his emotions in a way that frightened me. Then I got used to it, deadened by the constant pain of rejection. When my soul yearned for affection I lay in bed, long after the world was asleep, crying bitter tears of repentence.

She was our first born — Dimpy, a child so fair and angelic that passers by stared at her and bolder ones picked her out of her pram for a better look. She was the darling of all the neighbourhood, toddling over to friends, endearing herself to them and as often as not having her meals there as well.

Yadav, my husband, said to me one day, "I can't believe she is really ours."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I am ugly and bald and you're not such a great beauty either." But I knew he didn't mean it, because in those days he laughed a great deal and was very loving towards me.

"She is a child of God," I said.

She was very well behaved too, not cranky and troublesome like other children. She was easy to look after because she was so friendly and went to just anybody who wanted to hold her. Yadav often said, "They're spoiling her. She'll make our lives miserable."

She did. But not in the way he had meant.

There was a wedding of a cousin. The moment we got the letter telling about it, Yadav said, "We can't go."

"Why not?" I asked. I was looking forward to an opportunity to show off the child at a family gathering.

"I will be out of town," he said. "They have detailed me for a tour."

"Oh. Do you have to go?"

"Yes."

"Put it off."

"No," he said, "I can't postpone it at this stage.'

"I'll be alone in Bombay while you're gone."

"Don't make such a fuss, Laila. You've been alone before."

"Yes, but I was thinking. What's the point in my hanging around here for three weeks? I might as well go for the wedding."

He looked at me amazed. I had never travelled alone in my life. I came from a sheltered family who had looked after me like a fragile China doll, jealously guarding me from any contact with strangers. Don't get the idea that I was a raving beauty or anything. It was just our upbringing which was rather strict even by ancient standards. For instance, when my sister and I went to school we were escorted to and fro by a servant even when we were in our teens. Going out to a movie was taboo, unless the retinue of family members were along too. Taking to a man was absolutely unthinkable. In fact, if we had male visitors, we were asked to remain in the inner rooms and talk in hushed tones.

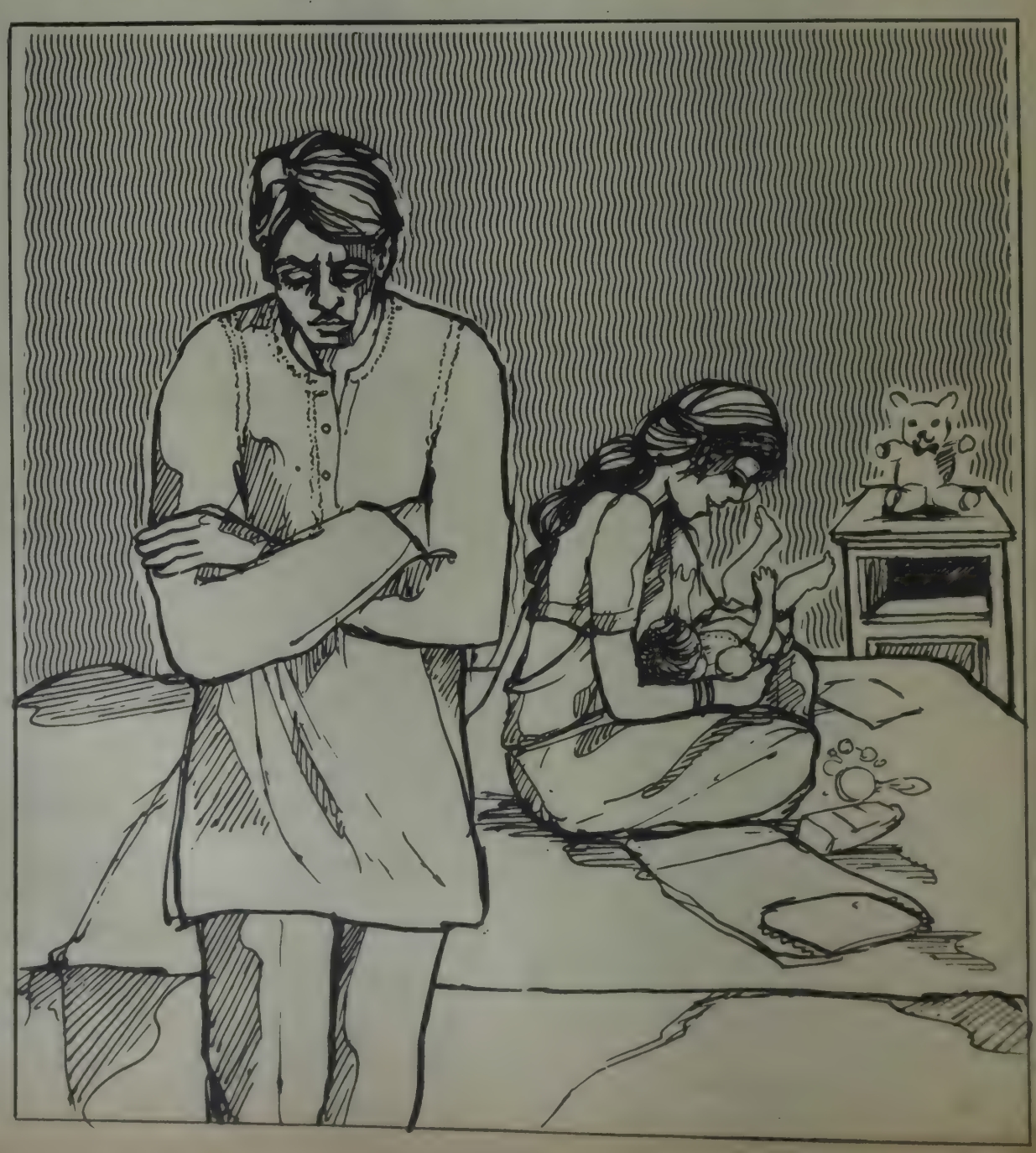
Marriage was a revelation for me, imbued with all kinds of forbidden freedom. Of course, I never saw Yadav before the wedding day. But my parents saw him and told me he was a fine man. He didn't see me either. But since he was a male and merited special treatment he at least got to see my photograph. I didn't even get that from the parents of my future husband.

The marriage was solemnised and I was sent along with the party, with due ceremony. It was the most thrilling experience I had ever known. I was closetted in a car with a man whose face was heavily veiled with flowers. And it was ecstacy when his hand inched out and held mine.

I knew a sudden panic. Suppose he didn't like me when he saw me. I always came out well in pictures. The night was fraught with expectation. When I did see him disrobed in the privacy of the bedroom, it was a let down. He was much older than I had imagined from my parents' description of him. He was short too. He had been wearing shoes with elevators. He stood about as tall as me in his bare feet, which was short for a man. He was very fair though and I looked almost dark in comparison. He stared at me as I sat in my wedding finery, I was tongue tied, terrified of uttering a word.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "You are a flower, much more lovely than I expected." Still I didn't speak. Then he came and sat down next to me. I was overpowered with such strange sensations at his proximity that I began to cry. Shut away from male contact of any sort for so many years, my spirit rebelled at indescent exposure. In fact, it was months before I even let him touch me.

I must say this for him. He was terribly patient with me. He understood the way I



had been reared. His parents were orthodox too, but he himself lived a freer, more unrestrainted life. Into this changed environment, I was plummeted almost overnight. The freedom of movement was new and I viewed it with mixed feelings. I was shy and reserved in company and terrified of making conversation.

The birth of our daughter two years later thawed my introversion. Now people came forward to talk when my daughter, smiled her cherubic smile. When I wheeled her pram to the park near our house, I got friendly nods from perfect strangers and thought nothing of smiling back.

Bombay was a different city from my home town in Uttar Pradesh. There was nothing cloistered about my life here. The freedom of expression and movement was as limitless as the teeming metropolis which never failed to amaze me each time, with a new and unexpected, hitherto unrevealed facet of experience.

I travelled by bus, sitting next to strange men who got down at their respective stops and thought nothing of sitting juxtaposed with women. I saw the latest fashions, the shortest skirts, the barest midriffs and the highest heels. I saw "A" certificate movies with Yadav which would have shocked my mother. A whole new world opened before me.

Knowing my background, Yadav was surprised when I said I would travel alone, for the wedding. "Will you be able to manage?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. I am not a child."

"You've never travelled alone before," he said.

He didn't want to let me go. I think he was afraid I would get lost. Or alight at some wrong station. Now I wish I had taken his advice and stayed home. At least our child would have been alive.

He saw me off at Bombay Central soon after. I was to take a train to Delhi and then travel by bus to Dehra Dun. He was in favour of asking someone from my family to meet me at Delhi, but I was adamant on managing on my own.

The journey to Delhi was uneventful. I had gone by the train which reached in the afternoon, because I wanted to complete the journey the same day without an overnight halt in Delhi. I asked for the whereabouts of the bus junction and was making my way to the place when a man materialised at my elbow.

"Are you going to Dehra Dun?" he asked.

"Why yes," I replied. "How did you know?"

"I heard you asking for directions to the bus terminus," he said.

He was carrying a small valise.

"Don't go by bus," he went on. "It is tedious and tiring specially with a small child."

"How else can I go?" I asked.

"Four of us are going in a taxi," he said. "There is room for one more passenger. The driver is bent on taking a fifth person so he can make a good margin of profit. Why don't you join us?"

I hesitated. He thought I was worried about the cost element.

"It is not much more than the bus fare," he said. "The extra amount is worth the comfort of a car."

I gave in. I was tired and Dimpy was restless and ill-tempered after the journey. She was never like this. I touched her forehead and found it hot. It was all the more reason to go in the taxi. I would be home sooner.

At the taxi stand, I was reassured to see two women and a young boy in a black Ambassador taxi. The man waved me in and introduced his family. I tried to put Dimpy into the cab, so that I could get in more easily with the bag, but she reacted most strangely. She gave a scream and clutched at me wildly, refusing to step into the taxi.

I blamed her mood on the fever.

"Dimpy, please," I said. "We'll be home soon."

He was against my going alone to the wedding with the young baby, but I insisted, in my new-found confidence...

The man, doing his best, offered Dimpy a chocolate. She promptly threw it on the ground. She just refused to get in. I lost my temper and slapped her. When I did that, she screamed louder than ever. She was evidently in some great pain because she had never behaved like this. I had to get her to a doctor. Even as I thought this, she began to turn blue. Her eyes went up. She was choking. I didn't know what to do. The people in the car were staring at me. The breath Dimpy had taken with that last cry never came down again. In three minutes flat, she was limp as a rag in my arms.

A crowd collected round us, drawn by my cries.

A doctor was called. But it didn't help. All he did was pronounce her dead of a condition known as asphyxiation or inability to breathe. She had just choked to death, all on account of my fury. I was so stunned that for some minutes I could only sit staring into space with the dead child in my arms.

It was the man who had assisted me to the taxi, who got details about my destination from some letters in my purse and informed my parents about the tragedy. They drove down at once. The wedding party had turned into a funeral procession.

I hadn't the heart to wire Yadav who was getting ready to proceed on tour the very next day. But I knew I had to do it. Sooner or later he had to be told the news. The moment he got my telegram, he cancelled the tour and came down on leave.

He didn't say one word to me when I went into his arms and burst into tears. He had heard the whole story from my parents and brothers. We didn't wait for the wedding. Soon after the depressing funeral, we left for Bombay by air. He said he had to be back in the office. All I expected from him was one word of sympathy, but I got nothing. He had turned into a stone.

"I wish I had never gone," I said.

"I told you not to go, but you insisted," he said coldly.

"I'm sorry," I cried. Tears rolled down my cheeks, but he was dry-eyed.

"What's the use of being sorry now? You should never have slapped her."

"I didn't know it would turn out like this. I just thought she was being cussed."

"You know she was not like that. If she cried it meant she was in some pain."

"I didn't know. I didn't know," I almost screamed. Then I stopped suddenly. People in the plane were staring at us. We lapsed into a cold silence.

When we got home, it was worse. We had no audience now, but the constraint was still there. Something cold and unhealthy had crept into our relationship. He had always slept with one arm round my waist. Now he withdrew to his corner of the bed and didn't touch me at all.

A week of this and I thought I would go mad.

He had his office work to lose himself in. I had only the empty house and my tormenting memories. As if they were not enough, my husband made ambiguous remarks when he came home. World that stung as nothing ever had before.

"You said she was a child of God. Well, she has gone to God now."

Another time he said, "With a temper like yours, you will probably kill any other child we have."

"Don't touch me. I can't bear to think that these very hands snatched my most dear possession away from me."

"She was my child too," I screamed. "How can you be so cruel? I am suffering even more than you are."

"I'm glad," he said. "You deserve it."

Thereafter we entered a strange sort of relationship. He needed me only to gratify his sexual instinct. Otherwise he severed all connections. When I began to wax in size with a second pregnancy, he kept up a refrain of savage remarks about controlling my temper when the child came. If it wasn't for a superhuman resolve to stay with him for better or worse, I am sure I would have gone back to my parents.

He wanted a daughter with all his heart. I knew, though he didn't voice his feelings. He somehow thought the daughter we had lost would be reborn. When a son was born he withdrew once more, this time from the child. He seemed to cut himself away from all emotional involvement with his son.

A year passed. I became pregnant again. I wanted a girl this time, quite desperately, at least for my husband's sake. A part of him seemed to have died with Dimpy. I felt he would relax, thaw and become his former self with the birth of a daughter. But it was a son again. He said when he came to hospital to see the baby, "God will never forgive us."

Tears came to my eyes. But his words made my hope rise. For the first time he had used the word "us" and not "you." He looked at me and then suddenly tears welled up into his eyes. He looked at our first son sitting beside me, as if he were seeing him for the first time. Then he clutched him close and sobbed, Forgive me Laila, I've been brutal." I touched his hand lightly, tired after my prolonged labour. He didn't draw away now. "Everything will be all right," I said.

Then I closed my eyes with exhaustion. At last I had won him back, thawed his resentment. With my patience and forbearance. I knew we would never look back with depression now, even if we didn't have a daughter.

PICK A PRETTY PAISLEY

Dinoo Vacha

FOUR FABULOUS WAYS TO DRAMATISE THE EVER POPULAR PAISLEY! PRETTY AND PAINTED OR APPLIQUED AND ZARI TRIMMED, IT'S ALL THERE FOR YOU TO CHOOSE!

LEFT TO RIGHT :

Smokey blue chiffon has dramatic embroidered skirt and pallav. The black base has silver sequins, whilst the paisleys are worked in pink and green with silver flowers. A matching black choli has silver sequins all over.

To raise eyebrows at your next coffee party, wear this cotton green laheria saree with white organdie applique flowers and orange paisleys. Team with a crisp orange cotton choli.

A saree set with the '78 look! Mustard yellow American georgette saree teamed with colourful gajji silk blouse has matching embroidery on the pallav. Diagonal gajji silk stripes alternate with intricately embroidered paisley panels to form an unusual triangular pallav.

Dotted in blue and appliqued on pink! Cut dotted fabric paisleys in varied sizes and applique on pink organdie at skirt and pallav. If good at painting, try to paint these on any pastel cotton saree.

FISHERWOMEN OF GOA:

A BUSY COLOURFUL LIFE

Bina Mukherjee

Since time immemorial fishery has been the backbone of Goa's economy and fisherwomen occupy a unique and important position in its socio-economic structure. Initially they were only a helping hand to their male counterparts, but gradually they have built up an important niche for themselves in the fishing industry. In the marketing of this commodity, women form a majority, which is evident at all the sales centres of this coastal area. It is really amusing to see these women, with their robust physiques in an aggressive mood while selling. Their manner of talking and dealing with a customer can easily match or even outsmart any male veteran of the trade.

A study of their social, economic and cultural life is very interesting.

Besides their urge to flourish in the business, these women are equally attentive to their social lives. An analysis of their festivals, functions and various social customs unfolds the joyous life led by them.

The fisherwomen of Goa comprise both Hindus and Catholics. The Catholics are as interested in the celebration of various functions as the Hindus. They pay regular visits to churches and attend the Novena, a devotion consisting of a prayer said on nine successive days asking for some special blessing. According to them, about 300 feasts are held in Goa every year!

A ceremony marked by cultural programmes and processions with the idol of a god or goddess in a decorated cradle called **palki** forms the major part of the festivals performed by Hindu fisherwomen. They can take part in **yatras** wholeheartedly and freely because the timings of these functions do not clash with their business.

Some of the important yatras are Nagesh, Betal, Markai and Kalo. For the Nagesh yatra these women assemble in a temple from where they carry the image of Nagesh and place it on two boats joined together.

One of the exciting items is the **phugri** (a dance performed by girls) during a ceremony called Dhalo. This period is marked by their festive mood and a notable change in their dress. During their routine business they wear the saree wrapped around and between their legs, with a towel tied around the waist to prevent soiling of the saree. For Dhalo they change into costly sarees, mostly in the Marathi style. Resplendent in dazzling jewellery, they sing and dance together expressing their joy and gaiety.

On Ganapati Rath they assemble in the Ganapati temple to offer **puja**. An interesting feature of the day is the dance performed by two women wearing masks like the face of Ganapati. The Ganapati puja and the festival of Ganesh Chaturthi are very popular among the Hindu fisherwomen because they (like most Hindus) believe in propitiating Lord Ganesh for success in their work.

Another popular festival is Simgo (Holi), a day when many of these ladies throw **gulal** (colour) on the fish (as an assurance of future prosperity).

Samudrapuja occupies a very important place among the festivals celebrated by the fisherfolk. This is performed on Narial Poornima day in the month of August. Fisherwomen, as also many other people, collect near the sea and float a symbolic coconut made of gold in the calm water of the sea. The fishermen and women believe that from that day onwards the sea will become calm and suitable for fishing.

Some of the customs prevailing among them are related to their wish to prosper in their business. Some fisherwomen throw a few pieces of fish in front of a roadside temple (as an offering to the deity) from the fast-moving truck which is used for transporting fish from the distribution centre to the market.

On Vijaya Dashami day, these women, besides their other festive activities, inaugurate their new projects like starting the fabrication of fishing nets, opening of bank accounts, etc.

Catholic women are equally enthusiastic about their religious festivals. Mrs. Martin, a fisherwoman who sells fish in Vasco-da-Gama, said, "Ever since I came here, I have been seeing the majority of women selling fish here going to church every Sunday."

These women regularly attend the Holy Church Feast, Christmas Mass, the St. Xavier Feast, the Perpetual Succour and so on. They are particularly concerned about "Fama," originally called Fama de Meneno Jesus (Feast of the Infant Jesus), held every year. They are so devoted to this feast that they absent themselves from the market in spite of the loss they incur. Piona, a seller, laments, "We spend very lavishly on these days."

Interviews and actual visits to the market have shown that very few women, whether Hindu or Catholic, attend to their business on the festival days. They spend as much as they can afford. The maximum expenditure is on purchasing costly clothes and fancy food. This shows that these women are quite well off and can afford to miss earning for a few days and that they take more interest in enjoying life than their counterparts in other trades who are busier than ever on these days.

One amazing feature among these Hindu and Christian fisherwomen is that they are very much in favour of the dowry system. Asked if they advocate abolition of the system by the government, a Catholic fisherwoman said, "We do not want abolition of **zot** (dowry)." "It is a pleasure for us to arrange for **hundo** (dowry)," said a Hindu fisherwoman. "I like hundo," asserted Induvati, a fish-seller of the Donna Paula area.

They spend extravagantly on weddings. It is an old practice to seek the help of neighbours. They collect money from neighbours and pay it back later. Among Hindus it is the custom for the grandmother to give a costly present to her granddaughter. This practice has further encouraged the dowry system. And as in this community most of the old ladies are active in fish selling, they have a good deal of money and it is easy for them to spend lavishly on their grand-daughters' marriages.

But there is a new awakening among the women of this community and they are revising their attitudes to traditional ideas about marriage, children's education, etc. At present nearly 75 per cent of them send their children to school. They wish for their offspring a higher and better career than fish-catching and selling. And with regard to marriage also, they now prefer boys in service rather than fisher-folk for their daughters

Although these women are averse to revealing their income, it is quite clear that in season they earn as much as Rs. 50 to 70 or even more a day. If they earn so much where does this money go? The women I talked to said that they save about half of their earnings and the other half they spend on food, clothing and medical treatment.

Most of them spend a good deal on medical treatment, mainly because of two reasons: the lack of medical facilities in the villages and their satisfactory financial condition. "My expense on medical treatment usually comes to Rs. 100 to 130 per month as three of my children are usually sick," said one fish-seller who stays near Calangute Beach.

The sacrifice made by these women for the proper management of their households is as substantial as their contribution to the family business. Besides marketing the fish, they have freed their men from the task of transporting the catch from distribution centres to the market. Their good relations with the "padraon" (the distributing authority) have enabled them to do this work efficiently. During their leisure many of these women devote some time to the work of drying fish, fabricating nets, thus adding to the family income.

What are the problems which face these women? There is no arrangement like day-care centres to look after their children when they are away from home. This causes a lot of anxiety while they are sitting in the market because they have to leave behind their children without a proper person to take care of them.

Lack of proper medical facilities have resulted in extra expenditure, more worry and higher mortality rate.

Many of these women are ready for spacing their family, but there are no proper family planning facilities.

Their villages, like Verem, Britona, Res-Magus, Calangute, Cortalim and Siolim, are far away from cities. As a result, their children are deprived of the opportunities to attend good schools.

These women, even the men for that matter, do not have a strong union to take up their problems and demand remedial measures. When they face a grave problem, a few among them gather and carry on haphazard strikes, e.g. only recently the havoc caused by the encroachment of mechanised trawlers brought the rampooncars together to go on a hunger strike.

Why then do these women still continue to stick so loyally and enthusiastically to their traditional vocation? Partly of course it is because it is traditional and partly because the government has taken several steps for the social and economic uplift of the fisherfolk and for the progress of the fishing industry. This has boosted the morale of men and women of this community.

The Directorate of Fisheries is operating a Fishermen's Training Centre at Porvorim (near Panaji) where more than 200 youths have been trained. The number of mechanised fishing boats operating has increased from four in 1963 to 380 in 1976. Consequently the catch has jumped from about 17,000 tons in 1963 to about 40,000 tons at present.

The directorate has given subsidies to fishermen for the purchase of fishery equipment at the rates approved by government. Loans are provided to them for the construction or repair of boats, purchase of nets and other accessories. The security demanded is only to the extent of one-third of the loan. And the government has arranged for technical guidance on fishing problems.

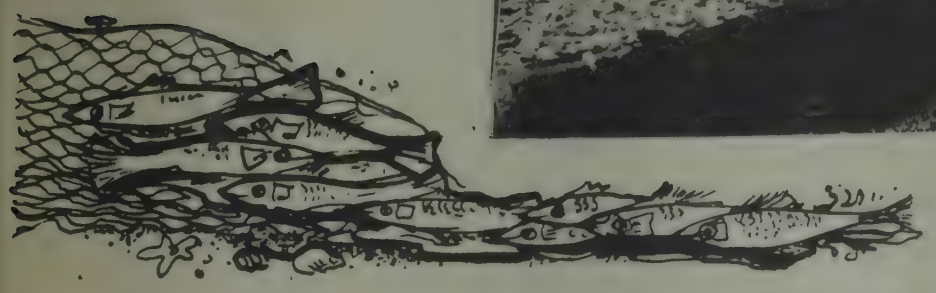
In order to ameliorate the socio-economic condition of the fishermen and their families and also to lessen their dependence on middlemen, the fishermen are encouraged to organise themselves into cooperative societies under the scheme of "Assistance to Co-operative Societies." This scheme was introduced in 1963 and up to the end of March 1975 a sum of Rs. 1,01,300 has been disbursed towards managerial subsidies and share capital contributions to the fisheries' cooperative societies.

The State Bank of India has also helped in a big way by granting loans for the purchase of trawlers, boats, nets and other implements. Schemes have also been drawn up for the construction of cold storage, ice-plants, etc.

Certain steps have also been taken to help fisherwomen during the lean season. They no longer spend their day sitting at home without earning. Ice factories, cold storage facilities, refrigeration vans, processing halls (on rental basis) and plate freeze have been provided and now they can earn something during the rainy season too.

As mentioned earlier, recently there has been a tussle between the trawler owners and the rampooncars (fisherfolk engaged in the traditional methods of fishing). Now tempers have cooled with the government's assurance to help the rampooncars and to punish encroachers. To this end the Goa, Daman and Diu Fisheries Act has been amended and drastic penal action is taken against mechanised fishing trawlers for violating "the five-fathom rule," which prevents fishermen from collecting fish from the areas which are accessible to them. Thus after a long period of gloom and tension, the fisherfolk of Goa are happy and look forward to a prosperous future.

They are aggressive in their trade, they work hard and earn good money, but they also know how to enjoy their festivals with equal zest



water raising its lips
to drink in the sky
oblivious of the clouds
passing idly by
the heavens so blue
so calm and serene
with a single touch
send wild tremors
down the waters
for me to feel

Nature our teacher

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Photograph : Farokh Reporter

SO FLATTERING, SO FEMININE

A smart skirt in an attractive pattern, knitted in simple stitches

Materials : (MODITHREAD) "MTM" Knitting Cotton: 4 balls each White, Red 46, 3 balls Green 268, 2 balls each Yellow 305, Green 254, Blue 134. A pair of knitting needles no. 9 and no. 10.

Measurements : Waist 66 cms., length 64 cms.

Abbreviations : K. = knit; p. = purl, sts. = stitches; st. st. = stocking stitch; m. 1. = make one (picking up horizontal loop lying before next st. and knit it); tog. = together; tbl. = through back of loop; rep. = repeat; dec. = decrease.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Stripe Sequence: 5 rows of garter sts. in Dark Green* 4 rows of garter sts. in Yellow, 2 rows of st. st. in Green 268, 2 rows of st. st. in White, 4 rows of garter sts. in Red, 2 rows of st. st. in White, 2 rows of st. st. in Blue, 4 rows of garter sts. in Green 254, 2 rows of st. st. in Blue, 2 rows of st. st. in Red, 4 rows of garter sts. in White, 2 rows of st. st. in Red, 2 rows of st. st. in Green 268. Rep. from * to waist band. With Green 268 and no. 9 needles cast on 196 sts. and work 5 rows in garter sts. Change to Yellow thread and start pattern as follows:

Next row : K. 1 * m. 1, k. 5, k. 2 tog. tbl. k. 2 tog., k. 5, m. 1, k. 1 rep from * to end.

2nd row : K. or p. according to the stripe indication above.

These two rows form the pattern.

Rep. these too rows working in colour sequence and sts. given above till skirt measures 19 cms. end with right side facing.

Next row : (Dec.) k. 1 * m. 1, k. 4, k. 3 tog. tbl., k. 3 tog., k. 4, m. 1, k. 1, rep. from * to end (170 sts.).

Next row : K. or p. (as required).

Next row : K. 1, * m. 1, k. 4, k. 2 tog. tbl., k. 2 tog., k. 4, m. 1, k. 1 to end.

Next row : K. or p.

Rep. last 2 rows till work measures 36 cms.

Next dec. row : K. 1, * m. 1, k. 3, k. 3 tog. tbl., k. 3 tog., k. 3, m. 1, k. 1 rep. from * to end (144 sts.).

Next row : K. or p.

Next row : K. 1 * m. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog. tbl., k. 2, tog., k. 3, m. 1, k. 1 rep. from * to end.

Next row : K. or p.

Rep. last 2 rows till work measures 48 cms.

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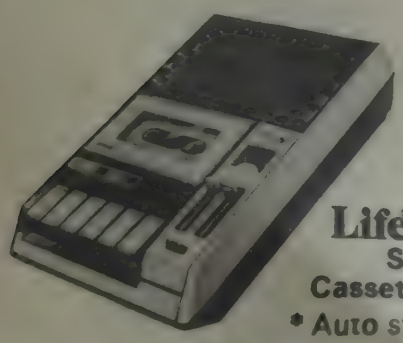

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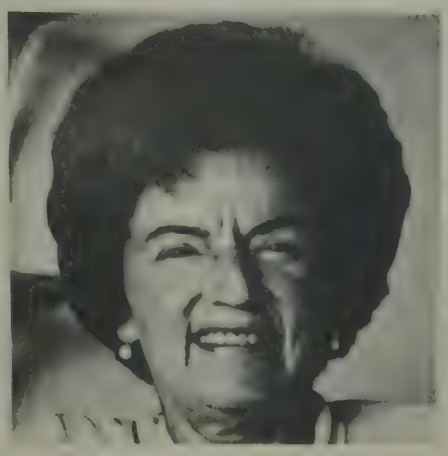
The First Asian BAHA'I Women's Conference

It was a picturesque mixture of races. The Baha'i women participating in this historic conference had come from various parts of the globe — from Japan, Vietnam, Bhutan, Sikkim, Thailand, the Philippines, Pakistan, Fiji, Indonesia, Iran and Afghanistan; and also from non-Asian countries like Britain, USA, Mexico, Canada and Alaska.

The first of its kind on an international level, the Asian Baha'i Women's conference had chosen Delhi as its venue, not without reason. For most of the participants, India, the host country, was a land of many religions and an "open door" to all teachings and precepts. The main theme of the conference was The Role of Women in Society and the learned speakers spoke on topics ranging from "Women in Decision Making" to "Women in Rural Areas."

Jyoti Munsiff



Dr. Edris Rice-Wray

To the Baha'i community, "the world of humanity is possessed of two wings — the male and the female. So long as these two wings are not equal in strength, the bird will not fly. Until womankind reaches the same degree of activity, extraordinary attainments for humanity will not be realised".

Explained Madame Ruhiyyih Rabbani, chief speaker at the conference, and wife of the first Guardian of the Baha'i Faith: "Equality of the sexes is a basic tenet of our faith and so has been our concern right from the start."

Madame Rabbani has to her credit, besides the writing of several successful books, such adventurous feats as driving a Land Rover for 36,000 miles through 34 countries in Africa with only another female companion with her! And, more recently, leading an expedition through the jungles of Surinam and Venezuela for a documentary film on the Amazonian and Andean Indians.

"Our teachings", said Madame Rabbani, "enjoin not only complete parity of treatment for man and woman but stipulate that in cases where the family has not enough money to educate all the children, preference must go to the girls . . . The purpose of the current conference in fact is to awaken the rank and file of Baha'i women in Asia to their full potential, for the rural and small town women tend to be timid and need to be encouraged."

One prominent participant was Dr. Edris Rice-Wray, M.D. M.P.H. An authority on the Pill, Dr. Rice-Wray received the Sesquicentennial Award "Knowledge, Wisdom and the Courage to Serve" for pioneering in family planning from the University of Michigan, 1967. She also has the distinction of being a member of the WHO Scientific Group on the Clinical Aspects of Oral Gestogens, Geneva, 1965. Dr. Edris Roushan Rice-Wray's list of scientific publications runs into pages and her membership in scientific societies is also most impressive.

Her message to the readers: This is the time for women to recognise the importance of educating their daughters as well as their sons, and giving their daughters the same importance in the home. Because, if more than half of humanity are women and uneducated, all humanity is held back. Some men are afraid of women having more independence, but women do not want to dominate men; they want equal opportunity to be prepared for all the professions and arts, and they want equal pay for the same work, which they do not get in many parts of the world. Baha'is believe when women occupy higher position in Government, where decisions are made, we will have greater possibility of establishing peace between the nations."

The delegate from Britain was the youthful Miss Jyoti Munsiff, who by profession is the Legal Adviser to Shell International Petroleum Co. Ltd. Miss Munsiff was born of Indian parents, but most of her life she has lived in America and England, where she received her education, ultimately qualifying as a solicitor and thereby becoming the first Indian woman ever to enter this profession in England.

And to conclude, in the words of Madame Rabbani, the representative to the Conference from the World Centre of the Baha'i Faith: "Surely, women are supposed to be the uplifting side of the human race."

SO FLATTERING, SO FEMININE

Next dec. row: K. 1 * m. 1, k. 2, k. 2 tog. tbl., k. 2 tog., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, rep. from * till end (118 sts,)

Next row: K. or p.

Next row: K. 1 * m. 1, k. 2, k. 2 tog. tbl., k. 2 tog., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1 rep. from * till end.

Next row: K. or p.

Rep. last 2 rows till work measures 57 cms.

Next dec. row: K. 1 * m. 1, k. 1, k. 3 tog. tbl., k. 3 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1 rep. from * till end (92 sts.).

Next row: K. or p.

Next row: K. 1 * m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog. tbl., k. 2 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, rep. from * to end.

Next row: K. or p.

Rep. last 2 rows till work measures 61 cms.

Fasten off all coloured threads and continue only in Green 268.

Change to no. 10 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 cms. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join side seams so that an opening is left at waist for 12 cms. at one side. Fold half of ribbed band onto wrong side and hem stitch in place. Stitch a skirt hook and loop to fasten opening.

Arnavaz Dhondy

QUIZ

HEGMAN

1. Which bird has teeth?
2. Which four chemical elements are contained in all proteins?
3. Which creature is supposed to weep at the painful necessity of eating its victims?
4. Who wrote "The Mother"?
5. Whom did Winston Churchill call "The half naked fakir"?
6. What happens when a boomerang is thrown?
7. What do Caesar, Groucho Marx and President Nyerere of Tanzania have in common?
8. Earl is the middle name of an American President. What are his first and last names?
9. They used to be called velocipedes. What are they called today?
10. Which famous fairy tale character was carved from wood?
11. In which country were the 1930 Olympics held?
12. France had its Revolution, American its Civil War, which country had a Cultural Revolution?
13. What was Stalin's daughter's name?
14. What is the secret ingredient of Coca Cola called?
15. In Indian mythology, what was the name of Ravana's brother whose love for sleep was unmatched?
16. Oct. 2nd is the birthday of two famous Indian statesmen one is Gandhiji, who is the other?
17. Which ballroom dance is associated with Vienna?

ANSWER

1. No bird has teeth.
2. Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, and Carbon.
3. The crocodile. However, this is not true.
4. Maxim Gorky.
5. Mahatma Gandhi.
6. It comes back to the thrower.
7. Their first name, Julius.
8. James (Jimmy) Carter.
9. Bicycles.
10. Pinnochio.
11. They were not held in 1930. The 1932 Olympics were held in Los Angeles.
12. China.
13. Svetlana.
14. 7X (Seven X).
15. Kumbhakarna, who often slept for six months at a stretch.
16. Lal Bahadur Shashtri.
17. The Waltz.

SUNDAY LUNCH

Premila Lal

There'll be good appetites all around when you serve these palate-pleasing tempters on Sunday, for it's a day of leisure and there is just the right atmosphere at home for you to experiment with new combinations and variations. Warm up the stove or cool a salad dish and impress your family by stirring up a delicious dish. But whether it is an elaborate main dish of meat or poultry, a platter of crisp, colourful salad, or a luscious dessert, see that a cold dish is really cold and a hot dish — sizzling hot.

CORIANDER CHICKEN WITH MOYONNAISE

- **400 gram chicken meat, cut into pieces**
- **1 tbsp. butter, melted**
- **1 clove garlic, minced fine**
- **2 green onions, chopped fine with tops**
- **1 tsp. salt**
- **1 cup chopped, mixed vegetables**
- **½ tbsp. coriander powder**
- **1½ cups mayonnaise**
- **½ cup dry white wine (optional)**

Melt the butter in a heavy frying pan and add the chicken pieces. Brown well on both sides. Add chopped onions, minced garlic and coriander. Add vegetables, salt and wine.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

Cover pan tight and cook over low heat for 40 minutes or until the chicken is tender. Meanwhile, make the mayonnaise with lemon juice and spread it on a serving platter. Place the hot chicken mixture on top of the mayonnaise and serve immediately.

SHAHI BHUTTA CURRY

2 corn cobs (cut into 3 or 4 pieces each)
240 grams ghee
6 corn cobs grated
1-2 tbsp. khoya (solidified milk)
4 tbsps. ginger, garlic, onion paste
A large pinch of turmeric powder
A small pinch of powdered asafoetida
A stick of cinnamon
3 cloves
3 cardamons
A small sprig of bay leaves
1 tsp. coriander powder
1 large pinch of garam masala
240 grams curds
Salt, chilli powder and sugar to taste

Fry the cut up corn in ghee till the pieces are brown all over. Remove, drain and set aside. Add the grated corn to the same ghee and fry lightly, when light brown, drain and set aside. Put the ginger, garlic, onion paste in the ghee and when light brown add the turmeric powder. Put in the rest of the spices with the curds and cook for a while, stirring from time to time. Put in the corn, water and salt and cook slowly till the corn is done. Then add the milk and sugar. Boil for a minute or two, then set it down from the fire and and dish out. Sprinkle the top with the khoya, chopped chillies and coriander leaves. Serve with lemon wedges.

PATIALA ROGAN DAL

250 grams whole black urad (black lentils)
4 large onions, chopped
8 cloves garlic, chopped
1½" piece fresh ginger, chopped
Salt to taste
1 level tsp. soda-bi-carb
4 green chillies, chopped
5 finely, chopped tomatoes
½ cup whipped curd
½ cup fresh cream
3 tsps. red chilli powder
½ tsp. sugar
4 tbsps. butter—ghee
½ cup raisins
1 tbsp. blanched and sliced almonds
1 tbsp. chopped coriander leaves
3 litres water

Put the dal, onion, garlic, ginger, salt, soda, and green chillies in 3 litres of water in the cooker, bring to pressure, cook for 15 mins. Put in finely chopped tomatoes, curd, cream, chilli powder and simmer for ten minutes more. If the dal is too dry, add half cup boiling water. Heat ghee to boiling and pour over dal and mix with a spoon. Garnish with coriander leaves and sprinkle with raisins and almonds.

KHEEMA CHICKEN PULLAO

250 grams Patna rice
125 grams minced meat
500 grams chicken
125 grams curd
2 large onions (sliced)
3 cloves garlic (crushed)
1" piece fresh ginger (chopped)
4 tbsps. ghee or oil
1-2 dried red chillis (chopped)
1 tsp. salt
2 cardamom
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 stick cinnamon
4-6 cloves
1 pint water
¼ tsp. saffron

Wash and soak rice. Wash and cut the chicken. Steep in curd for 20 minutes. Grind garlic and ginger, separately, to a smooth paste Grind saffron and keep aside. Heat the ghee in a saucepan. Cook the onions until tender and golden brown.

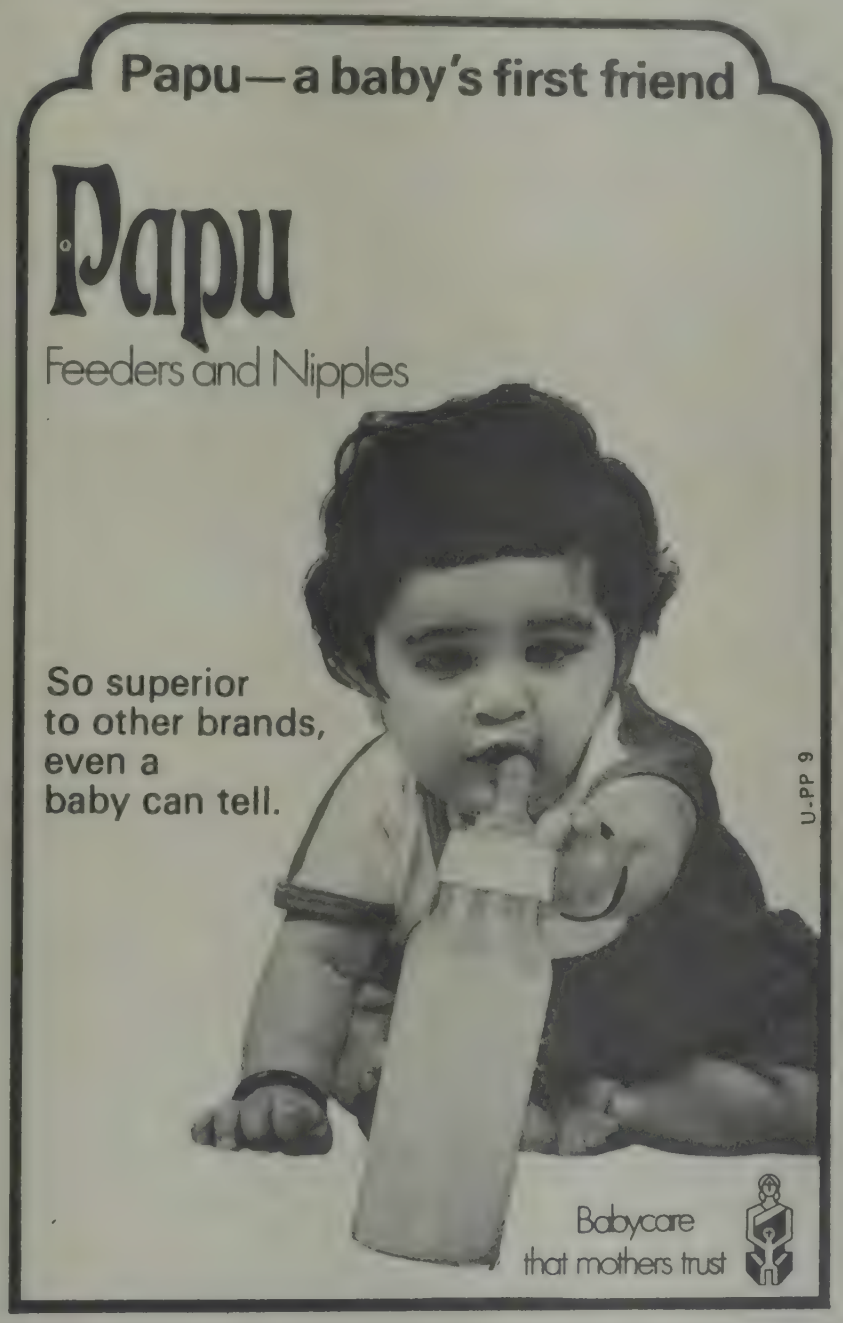
Put the meat and curd together with minced meat and all the spices except the saffron Fry until the meat is brown. Drain rice and add it to the meat. Fry until brown. Add the water. Cover with a lid. When the rice is almost cooked, add the ground saffron. Replace the lid and continue to cook until tender. Garnish with fried onions.

cuckoo lal
If food scorches, remove unburned portion into another pan, being careful not to pick up any scorched material. Add more liquid if necessary and finish cooking.

SPONGE CROWN

2 dozen sponge fingers
½ cup fresh orange juice
200 grams, milk chocolate
1 cup, brown sugar
3 eggs, separated
450 grams, cream cheese
1½ cup thick, heavy cream
1/8 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla essence

Lightly grease a pudding dish, the height of the sponge fingers. Brush the fingers with orange juice and arrange standing around the edge of dish. Place the remaining fingers on bottom of the dish. Melt the chocolate over hot water, remove from water and cool for a few minutes. Meanwhile blend half the brown sugar with the cream cheese and salt and beat in one egg yolk at a time. Blend in the chocolate. Now beat the egg whites with the vanilla until stiff, add the remaining brown sugar gradually and keep beating. Fold the cream into the chocolate mixture and lastly fold in the egg white mixture. Pour into sponge lined dish. Chill overnight.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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Q. Hamid Ismail, Bombay.

MALAYSIAN MASSAKKET-CHUP

2 large pomfrets
2 large onions
2 tsps. red chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
4 green chilli
½ cup cooking vinegar
1 cup oil

Clean and slice pomfrets. Coat sliced fish with chilli, turmeric powder and salt. Heat oil and fry fish slightly. Remove fish. Slice onion and green chillis. Now cook the sliced onion and green chillis in the remaining oil for 2 minutes. Add a pinch of salt. Add vinegar. Place the fried fish on the onion and cook on slow fire for 3 minutes. Then mix it carefully so that the fish is down and the onions are on top. Cook for another 3 minutes. Serve hot.

Mrs. Madhuri Pillai, Sri Lanka.

MEAT BALLS IN TOMATO GRAVY

MEAT BALLS :

450 grams meat
2 large potatoes
2 large onions
15 grams green chillis
A pinch turmeric
1 tsp. pepper powder
4 tbsps. oil
Salt to taste
4 tbsps. white flour

Clean, boil and mince the meat. Heat oil in dekchi. Chop onions and green chillis fine. Toss onions into boiling oil. Fry till brown, now toss in the green chillis. Add the minced meat with turmeric, pepper and salt, saute for about 8 minutes. Remove from fire, make small balls and dip them one at a time in the thick white flour batter for frying Deep fry the meat balls drain and set them aside.

TOMATO GRAVY :

4 large tomato
1 large onion
1 tsp. khushkhush
A pinch garam masala
4 cloves garlic
2 red chillis
A little ginger
½ tsp. cummin seed

Squeeze the tomato juice into 2 cups of water. Water is added according to the gravy required. Grind onions, khushkhush, garlic, ginger, red chillis and cummin-seeds into a fine paste. Heat oil in dekchi. Fry masala paste for about 5 minutes or till a spicy aroma eminates. Add the tomato juice with salt and turmeric. Let it simmer till the gravy is thick. When about to remove, put 1 teaspoon of sugar or the required amount and the garam masala. Just before serving put the meat balls into the gravy.

Mrs. Priti Sehgal, Moradabad

DILPASAND GOSH

1 kg. mutton
2 large sized tomatoes, chopped
300 grams sour curds
1 large cup cream
1 large cup milk
10 long dried red chillis
4 green cardamoms
1 stick cinnamon (broken into small piece)
4 cloves
¼ tsp. peppercorns
4 large bay leaves
1 tbsp. khushkhush (paste)
100 grams ginger-garlic paste
50 grams butter
Salt to taste
2 medium sized onions, chopped

Wash mutton and cut into pieces and keep aside. Melt butter in pressure cooker, when hot, add bay leaves, cardamoms, cloves, cinnamon, black peppercorns and dried red chillis. When they splutter, add the finely sliced onions. Fry till light brown. Now add ginger-garlic paste, fry again till dry. Now add meat and tomatoes, cook till tomatoes dissolve, then add the curd, milk, khushkhush paste and a cup of water and cream. Close pressure cooker, cook till mutton is tender and butter floats on top. Serve hot with rumali rotis.

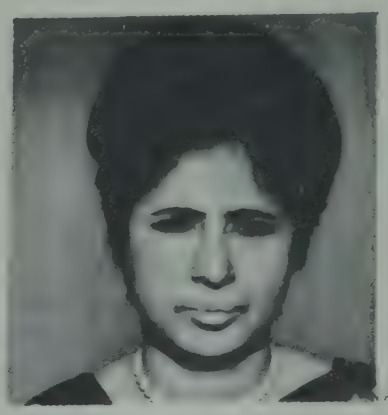
Mrs. Pam Handa, Ambala Cantt.

CHICKEN NOORJAHAN

1 chicken
115 grams oil or ghee
50 grams ground cashewnuts
30 grams chicken liver
30 mltr. tomato puree
20 grams chopped cashewnuts
115 grams curd
115 mltr. cream
1 tbsp. garam masala
1 boiled egg
4 small tomatoes
2½ tsps. turmeric powder
Coriander leaves
Salt to taste
Silver foil

Clean and cut the chicken into four pieces and remove bone from the thigh part. Heat fat, fry chopped onions slightly, add turmeric whole garam masala and water. Boil, add chicken and cook till soft and water dries. Add beaten curd, cream and cashew nuts. Mix well, add salt. Keep aside. In a separate pan put little fat and brown chopped onions, add chopped chicken liver and chopped cashewnuts. Mix well sprinkle a little water, tomato puree and cook for some time till liver is soft. Make the base of liver and arrange chicken on top of it and cover with gravy. Decorate with silver foil. Sprinkle chopped hard-boiled egg and green coriander leaves. On sides place four small fried tomatoes. Serve hot.

weekly winner



Mrs. Rekha G. Kirpalani, of Bombay wins, Rs. 50/- cash prize for this week's best recipes plus non-stick coated sandwich Toaster and Tin-O-Mat by Trupti Industries, Bombay.

CHINESE FISH WITH HOT SAUCE

1 full pomfret (slit)
½ tsp. chilli-ginger paste
½ cup white vinegar
A pinch of salt
½ tsp. crushed garlic
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
½ tsp. soya sauce
2-3 tsps. Tobassco sauce
A pinch of Aji-no-motto
1 cup chicken stock
2-3 tsps. corn flour

GARNISHING:

Lettuce and celery leaves.

Apply green chillis and ginger paste on the fish then marinate in ½ cup vinegar for one hour. Remove it from vinegar and place it on a greased paper. Grease the dish and put the fish in the dish and keep the fish in preheated oven and bake for ½ hour. When ready place the fish over a bed of lettuce leaves and garnish with hot sauce.

Hot sauce: Fry crushed garlic and brown in oil. Put in all the sauces, salt, venegar and chicken stock. When it boils, add cornflour mixed with cold water. When thick, add in the celery and pour over the fish.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

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TIMEKEEPERS TO THE NATION

DABBOO:

"my own film, my own way"

Vijaya Irani

The signs of a sincerely kept New Year resolution were obvious in Dabboo — he nas been off drinks since the New Year, and looks leaner and trim (which takes a bit of getting used to), but otherwise he is his usual brutally frank, funny self.

His shooting had been cancelled and he was at home that morning when I went over. Opportunities like this come very rarely, especially with busy stars like Dabboo, whom you have to catch in between shifts and shots at distant studios. It was the day after the dramatic demonetisation of high denomination notes and he was the first film star I had met after the drastic monetary reform. One would have expected the filmi duniya to be in a whirl with the high rate at which zeros multiply in the trade. Not so Dabboo when talked about it.

"Let the entire currency of this country be changed overnight. Why only thousand and above? And I won't be affected in the least! At times I don't even have a fiver on me. So I have been having my usual share of sleep these past two days, no worry how I am going to save my millions. Half the time, my payments don't come in on time, and the other half, they don't come in at all. Folks think I am a sucker, you see, that my sense of humour is so great, no payments need be made to me and I'll see it as a joke.

"And then I get criticised for not doing good films, in spite of my being a director in my own right. Why do I take films like 'Rampur ka Lakshman' and 'Chacha Bhatija'? Because dammit I don't get better roles than these. With 'Rampur' and that kind turning out to be hits I keep getting offers like these all the time.

"Hell, I need to keep my home-fire burning. Can't afford to sit at home and turn my face away from the junk offers I keep getting.

"And I ask you, why ask me why I don't take up better roles than the ha-ha types? Where are the 'better roles'? No one comes to me with them. Am I so great, or the No. 1, to get the best roles? All the best roles go to Amitabh, Dharam, Shashi, Vinod Khanna — they are the chaps who are given the better roles, not me. Tailor made roles are done for them. Films too. At least I won't be a hypocrite and say, twisting my mouche, 'Ah, well, I turn down all those great big roles which have gone to them' — or that I reject more roles than I take.

"We are commercial stars, prostitutes! Getting paid to entertain the mass. We really have no choice. Let me try to tell my director that what he's asking me to do is ridiculous, not even funny, and he'll think I am bonkers. When I was doing 'Chacha Bhatija' with Manmohan Desai, he asked me to get on a horse — I was to fly on it! I began with buts and ifs and in the end had to shut up and get on that horse, for Manmohan Desai knows what he is doing and the public loves what he gives them. So who am I to argue? There are the not-so-good fellas too, who keep confusing their cast and themes. Try telling them, and again you find they do what they want. From the spot-boy who serves you tea on the sets upwards, everyone thinks he is responsible for making a hit film.

"Coming to my recent films, good films like 'Aakhri Daaku' and 'Kasme Wade' are my next-to-be-released. Yes, I am directing my own film, starting next month — a small, one-hero, one-heroine story, with no fights, no action, no special effects men coming from the Moon, optical effects personnel flown in from Mars, and someone else from Jupiter to supervise my fights, with 37 heroes and 10 heroines. Yeah, in today's flood of multi-starrers, against which I have nothing, everyone, including you, gapes at me like I were mad to direct a small film like the one I am starting next month. Even my wife thinks I am nuts. I do everything my directors tell me to, for I get paid for it, like I said. But I want to make my own film my own way too, and I have been doing so, from the beginning of my career.

"When actors start flopping, they take up direction. I took it up from the beginning of my career, as a pursuit, as a passion, and will continue pursuing it in my own way. Like I explained to my wife, slowly I am trying to find my own place under the sun. After all it is such a vast area, there is room for everyone. So one keeps trying this way and that, falling and getting up, to do one's best to find that place and get up there."

Photograph : Girish Shukla

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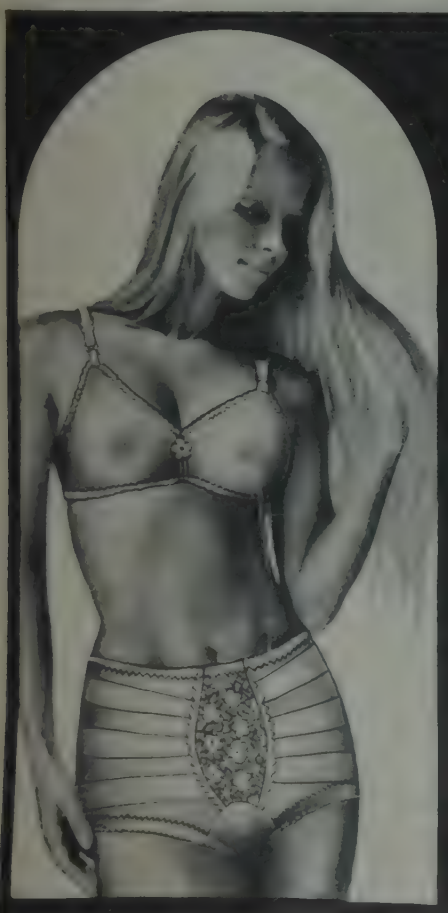

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GITA IYER

DANCING AROUND THE WORLD

Gita Iyer, a graceful danseuse, trained at the Darpana Academy by Mrinalini Sarabhai and Guru Chathunni Panicker, has in the past year been giving several notable dance recitals in different Indian cities. According to Guru Chathunni Panicker she is "an exemplary disciple with a lot of talent." Tall and lissom, Gita possesses the scintillating quality of a star.

Last summer, Gita had the exhilarating experience of dancing around the world. "We wanted to have a holiday, visiting relatives abroad, before I started college in earnest," said Gita. Of course, her aunts requested her to carry her tapes and costumes along with herself.

The holiday turned out to be a strenuous dance tour of six countries. Gita performed before packed audiences in a dozen cities. "All in the matter of four weeks, my mother took charge of the costumes and make-up, my brother Govind made himself responsible for the taped music and my dad attended to all the arrangements from seating to travel facilities, despite his personal business commitments," reminisced Gita.

Perhaps, the impromptu nature of the tour contributed to its overwhelming success.

"When I stepped out on stage for the first time, before an unfamiliar audience in Paris, I was nervous. And on this night of nights, I had to give two recitals, one at the Olympia Theatre Annex, for guests invited by the Embassy, after which I had to rush off in costume and make-up across Paris to dance for 'Mandapa', an Indian Classical Dance School run by Madame Melonie, who, many decades ago, had learnt Kathakali in Kerala."

The performance at the Olympia was for Madame Laroche Navron who was awarded the Legion of Honor. "These recitals went off so well, that my confidence in myself lasted throughout the tour."

Next stop, Berlin: for a dance recital under the aegis of Bharat Majlis, where Gita danced to a western audience. She incorporated more explanatory demonstrations into her recitals, and she found that all that she had learnt from Mrinalini Sarabhai at Darpana was very useful.

After her success in Europe, Gita flew to New York and gave a brilliant recital at the College of Performing Arts, State University of New York. The Dean of the College, Professor Michael Hammond, had seen Gita dance in India before and had invited her to dance at the College when she visited America. She made an indelible impression on the audience with her graceful, rhythmic performance. Another successful recital at the Lake Forest Club Hall in Chicago followed. She gave a final performance in Los Angeles at the famous East West Cultural Center, where Gita received a helping hand from Vasanti Jaiswal, daughter of the famous Guru Gopinath, a prominent member of the Center.

Across the Pacific, Gita brought her hectic dance tour to an end with resplendent recitals in Tokyo, where, once again, she found tremendous enthusiasm among foreigners for Indian classical dances.

By now, the Iyers were justifiably tired, unprepared as they had been for such a back-breaking tour. "For a while, I thought it was a foolhardy venture to embark on this tour without the assistance and advice of a professional manager," said Mr. Iyer. "But Gita's wonderful temperament, Govind's unbridled enthusiasm and the blessings of the Gurus made this trip a success. And, I hope, Lalita, my wife, will not be nervous anymore when Gita is to present a dance recital!"

Having passed the P.U.C. with distinctions in three subjects, Gita is now a first year student at St. Xavier's where she hopes to graduate with a Science degree.

Dollie Ramnath

POMI RAMCHANDANI

Modelling Agency

"There is such a dearth of good, photogenic faces in this city, that when I hit upon the idea of starting a modelling agency, the initial response from friends and prospective clients was encouraging," says Pomi Ramchandani, who started "Gulistan" in Calcutta a few months ago. Ever since, she's been "foot slogging" — scouting around, visiting ad agencies and building up her contacts. Pomi has so far put in just one ad in the personal column of a leading daily, asking for photographs from people one to 30 years — interested in modelling. "I literally got flooded with over a 100 eager applicants. Some of them were horrendous!"

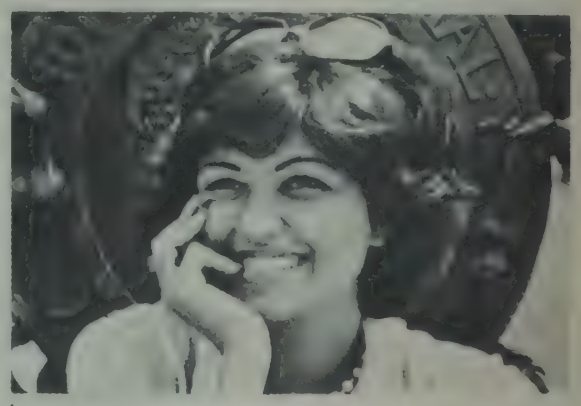
Besides this her work is not restricted to Calcutta alone. On the basis of 'wanted' ads, she supplies models to clients as far down south as Madras, and to Nepal in the north.

Pomi organises live shows for commercial houses, and supplies house models for export houses.

She goes the whole hog and suggests the location, provides the props and costumes.

She is confident of an ever increasing demand for her kind of work. With Clarions as one of her biggest contacts, Pomi feels that this is a booming business, more so because of numerous small advertising agencies that are coming up all over the city — and country — and the constant demand for "new faces."

A. S.



Putli Talwar: PAINTING MOPPETS

Putli's claim to fame is the adorable "moppets" she paints. They are seen adorning the walls at many an exhibition and also landed this teenager a business deal in the form of an advertising campaign which she did for the Park Hotel, Calcutta.

Her interest in painting developed while watching her mother. Putli took it up seriously and included it in her curriculum for the Senior Cambridge. She is now a student of Loreto College where she is studying History and English for her B.A.

"I took to these moppets as my pet subject because they seem so lifelike — and their big, expressive eyes are so eloquent," she said.

The artist uses handmade paper and water colours as her medium for posters and feels that her moppets are too lovable to be sold commercially. Besides painting, cooking "fancy dishes and cakes," interests her and, of course — like most girls her age — she finds "the world a glorious place to live in."

Amita Sarwal

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UTE MINKE:

"MY PROFESSION COMES FIRST"

Marriage and a career often become incompatible for women in the foreign service

Jyoti Punwani

Ute Minke is one of the women ho make up about four per cent the Federal Republic of Ger- any's foreign service -- an ex- ting profession, but one which reates certain peculiar problems. One of these concerns specifi- lly those women in the service ho wish to get married. Though ey are allowed to continue in eir jobs they may be unable to r many reasons. Their husbands ay have permanent jobs in ermany, while they may be sted somewhere else. One way t, taken by many women, is to arry a colleague in the service t, as Ute says, "This also not too easy as th partners would of urse like to be posted at the me place. However, there is a licy regulation that husband d wife should not work toge- er in the same mission abroad. postings for these couples are nited to either our central of- e in Bonn or places where ere are several German mis- ns in the same city, for ex- nple, Brussels, where we have EEC mission, a NATO mission d a normal German mission. New York too has several German missions."

As for herself, Ute says: "I personally like my profession very much and would not easily give it up for anything!"

Ute slowly started becoming interested in politics (not her subject at the University) during her two-year stay in the U.S. after her graduation. On her return to West Berlin, she met a lot of students doing political science. The very active political climate of West Berlin in the 60s, coupled with a desire to travel and see the world, decided her choice of a profession. She has been in it since 1971.

Ute is Second Secretary in the Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany in New Delhi. Her job as a press attache (she has been in the Press and Information department since the last three years) consists mainly of "informing the Indian media and the public about the policies of the Federal government and developments in my country. We publish, for example, our fortnightly magazine 'German News' and issue press releases on special occasions.

"On the other hand, we also inform our government about developments in India. We have a fairly large film archive with more than 1200 documentary and feature films to look after. Then, German visitors to India and Indian visitors to Germany also receive a lot of attention from our department."

Ute thinks rather highly of the Indian media, though her Indian term started just a few months before the Emergency, and she was a witness to the media's performance during those 19 months. "But I was impressed by quite a number of publications which even then quite courageously and frankly expressed their opinions, and tried to fight certain tendencies."

As far as TV and radio are concerned, Ute says she has often been "amazed at how much is being accomplished with relatively few means."

Being a woman has not hampered Ute in her job at all. "Here in India, it is fairly easy, as there are already many women working in responsible positions. Though here I have never faced any sort of difficulty arising from being a woman, in countries with Islam as the state religion, the case may be a bit different— in terms of travelling, etc.

"Generally male superiors and colleagues have got used to female colleagues in the Foreign Service; that is, women by now are accepted by them as 'normal' colleagues. For the rest, it is also largely a problem of the generation gap."

This is Ute's first posting in India — she's been here for the past three years. She claims to have whole-heartedly enjoyed her stay here. "On my frequent travels to different parts of India, I was always impressed by the warmth and hospitality of the people, the great variety and beauty of India's landscapes, the rich cultural background and the beautiful monuments of India's past," and, adds Ute, "the high standards of Indian technologists and scientists." Her experience in the diplomatic service may partly be the reason behind this eulogy! Delhi, often described as a dead city, Ute feels is "beautiful and green. However, I often feel that other equally beautiful Indian cities like Hyderabad, Bangalore, Jaipur, are somehow more 'Indian'."

The second problem peculiar to people in the foreign service is that since each posting does not extend over three-four years, by the time one gets used to one country, one is transferred to another. The same thing has now happened to Ute — she has just received news of her transfer to Bonn.

SIGRUN SRIVASTAVA

SYNTHESIS OF TWO LIFE STYLES

"I would have liked not to do o many things. But there it " confesses Sigrun Srivastava o has ten years' experience painting, five of sculpture, o of professional writing and ne as a housewife.

Sigrun is a lovely West Ger- n married to an Indian o has succeeded in mak- g a comfortable adjustment to ditional Indian customs, ha- s and the alien environment.

She admits quite candidly that r a foreigner to adjust to In- and all that it signifies — ecially if she happens to be woman — is a traumatic ex- rience. "The first two years e crucial in most marriages. re so when it is a question of fferent nationalities. It took me least two years to get used India. I was shocked by my roundings — the poverty, the h, the squalor . . . and the dian's natural acceptance of all; I was astonished at the ll-bred graciousness that most dians possess — their hospita- y and easy charm; and was surprised at the age-old traditions that are still prevalent."

Sigrun solved her adjustment difficulties in quite an individual fashion. She enrolled in an Art School in Calcutta and learnt the Indian approach to painting and sculpture. "As important was the fact that it brought me into touch with the average man and woman."

Having come to terms with herself, Sigrun worked on the immense material before her.

Sigrun had always been interested in sculpture as a medium of expression. Way back in 1965 she had studied sculpture under Professor Kranz in Dortmund, West Germany, when she came to India in late 1966. She studied Art in Calcutta for two years. Later she also received a diploma in sculpture from an art college in Madras.

Her first solo exhibition was of paintings. It was held in Madras in 1970, and followed by three other solo exhibitions in Lucknow, Bangalore and Madras.

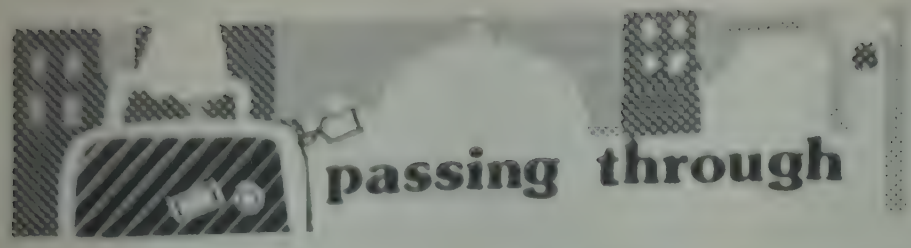
Her sculptures were exhibited at the National Exhibition of Art in New Delhi in three consecutive years. To top it all she was awarded the Academy Award by the Andhra Academy and later by the Mysore Pradesh Chitralaya Parishad.

Sigrun Srivastava's painting and sculptures are in the art collections of the Lalit Kala Akademi in Delhi and Lucknow and private collections all over Europe.

Sigrun works mainly in bronze and the new medium of Polyester Resin, which is rarely seen in India. Her subject is "Woman" — in all her moods, thoughts and reflections. "The Indian woman is beautiful not merely in the physical sense. She has a peculiar beauty of will that is very difficult to capture. I love the 'bun' that Indian women make of their hair."

On a third level, Sigrun has used the pen and not the brush or the hand for a medium. She has selected one of the most difficult avenues of writing — children's literature. "I strongly feel that the problems of our children are not what they used to be 50 years ago. So writing for children must also change." She feels that child psychology is very important to any writer of children's books. "A writer should try to create not only a world to which children belong but also a little more. That way a child's curiosity is aroused. He wants to know more."

Kamal Aurora



MARGOT BENACERRAF

SOUTH AMERICAN FILM DIRECTOR

"I was anxious to see Indian films because I have heard a lot about them. . . But in view of my short stay I could not see as many as I wanted to. . . Anyway of the films I saw, Shyam Benegal's 'Bhumika' impressed me most. Though it had no subtitles in English I could well understand and digest the entire film and I never felt the absence of subtitles. . . The visuals were so beautiful. . . and real cinema as you know transcends all barriers of language," said Margot Benacerraf, the pioneer film director from Venezuela in far away South America, when I met her in her room at the Taj Coromandel, Madras. She was here on a brief visit to participate in the Filmotsav '78 where her prize winning feature film "Araya" was expected to be screened. But as it often happens, especially with government-run institutions and events, the film could not be included in the list. Anyway, it was privately screened to an intimate circle of friends and admirers.

Margot Benacerraf, a handsome, shapely woman with a rich smile lighting up her beautiful face, is a person of many-sided talents. One of the few women directors in world cinema to make a mark, she has the unique distinction of having won two awards at the same festival. Her "Araya" won the Critics' International Film Award and also the French National Award at the Cannes Film Festival in 1959. I do not think that even male directors with greater fame and reputation have won such a distinction in world cinema.

Venezuela is a small country in South America with a population of 15 million spread over an area of one million square kilometres. One of the few democracies in South America, it is considered the most advanced country in that part of the world with a strong economic base, employment opportunities, and a high standard of living.

Born in such a country, Benacerraf graduated in Philosophy from the University of Venezuela and later went to Paris to study Advanced Philosophy at the famous Sorbonne. After qualifying herself with considerable distinction, she undertook the study of cinema and did a course in film direction at the French Film Institute in Paris. Here in the city of Renoir, Cocteau and others she had ample opportunity of delving deep into this art form. Bitten deeply by the movie bug she returned home and looked for work. Breaking into movies as a director is hard work anywhere in the world, and more so for a woman. And especially in a country like Venezuela where movie making in the early fifties was still in its infancy.

"Even today we make only ten films a year, and twenty and odd years ago things were indeed tough, especially for a woman. I had a lot of opposition from almost everywhere, but I never gave up, and then in 1953 I made my first film—a documentary on a famous painter of ours called Reveron. I must say I was more lucky than anything else to get this break," she said.

This documentary, done with freshness and a certain air of originality, attracted immediate attention and was screened at film festivals in Edinburgh, and also in Berlin where it won a prize. This initial succes brought her some measure of recognition and also the opportunity to do a full-length feature documentary or "docu-drama" on the famous painting genius Pablo Picasso. Runing for two hours, this film probed into the various facets of the outstanding painter of our times. Not surprisingly, this film too won her acclaim and some awards.

Then came her biggest success —the prize winning feature film "Araya". A warmly human tale set in a community of salt workers and firshermen, "Araya" is a movie of tremendous power. Its poetic visuals, human drama, emotional depth, and also a highly innovative and creative sound track won for it appreciation and applause around the world and it was indeed a proud moment in her life when her film bagged the two major awards at Cannes.

"After this things were easy for me. I was now famous and opportunities came my way. But I was not anxious to get myself flooded with film contracts. Actually, after this film I have not made any film so far. I devoted my time to work for the growth of fine arts in our country. Our government appointed me to establish a film archive which kept me going for over four years and then I spent three years working as an adviser to our Council of Fine Arts. These jobs gave me enormous satisfaction."

She is the only woman director in that part of the world and writes her own scripts. Before she clicked in a big way in movies she tried her hand at writing for magazines and also the theatre and her attempts in this direction met with considerable success. And then when she made it in the movies she gave up serious journalism.

"In the beginning I was not so sure whether a woman like me would last in this business. You know, how movies are. Anyway, I was lucky and I am still there."

Currently she is working on a feature film based on some incidents in a novel called "Hundred Years of Loneliness" written by the best selling Colombian writer Marquiz.

Venezuelan women enjoy a high degree of freedom in their country and play an important role in society. "Our women have all the rights you have here and women's lib has no place there. We don't need it! Our women are free to pursue any career they want and there is no discrimination on grounds of sex. In fact, women hold very important jobs not only in our government but also in private enterprise. Lots of business executives in my country are women," she said with a sense of pride.

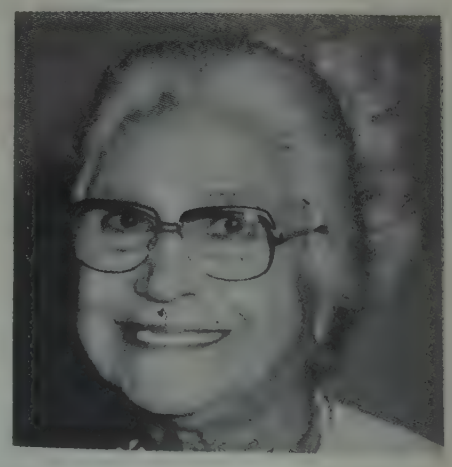
Talking about movie making in her country, Margot said with an expressive shrug of her shoulders, "In Venezuela directors themselves are forced to produce pictures. We have to raise forty per cent of the project cost and our government gives the balance sixty per cent. Raising money for movies is a tough job. I see it's the same here in India . . .Somehow we find the money and make the movies. . . Yes, women can do it. Whatever man can we also can. . . Don't you agree?" she asked with a sly wink.

Yes, I agreed. I had to!

Randor Guy

SHIRIN FOZDAR

FIGHTING FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS



She looks like an endearing grandmother. The sort kids would love to snuggle up to and watch as her flashing eyes and voice, acquiver with memories, recount unforgettable experiences. An old world charm surrounds her, enhanced by a quaint style of dressing, immaculate hair-do, perfectly shod feet. Yet, essentially, seventy-two-year-old Shirin Fozdar is not unlike the modern women's libber, although the grand old lady wrinkles up her delicate nose in disdain when you mention the movement to her.

She adheres to the traditional belief that family responsibility should top the list of a woman's priorities. "As long as the children are small, the woman's place is in the home. She is the trainer, teacher, she helps in the development of their character."

Yet, like a truly liberated woman she has been involved in fighting for women's rights since she was twenty years old.

Although she was born in Bombay, Shirin Fozdar has been living outside the country since 1950. Passing through Bombay recently she explained how she has been fighting for equality of the sexes, an integral part of the Baha'i faith to which she belongs, in different parts of the world.

When she arrived in Singapore in 1950 with her husband, also a Baha'i, Shirin Fozdar realised the pitiable plight of Chinese, Malaysian and Muslim women who were, for the most, illiterate and victims of men who practised polygamy. "Among the Chinese and Malay men it was considered the height of fashion to have five or six wives!"

She decided to do something to improve their lot. First, she organised a girls' club, the first of its kind in Singapore. 300 women joined and were taught reading, writing and domestic science.

Then Mrs. Fozdar started a long and arduous anti-polygamy campaign which lasted eight years and bore fruit in 1960, earning her the title of Champion of Women in South-East Asia. In the '50s the ruling British government refused to tamper with local laws.

"I said to them," she recalled, "you interfered and stopped Sati in India. What is the point of the Union Jack flying over Malay heads if they aren't governed by British laws?"

In 1960, the new government granted all the rights she had been fighting for including that of equal pay for equal work and the facility for easy divorce.

Shirin Fozdar's militant stand and dedication to women's rights won her acclaim from East and West. She was invited by the Women's Federation in Peking to visit China where she lectured extensively on world peace.

Mission accomplished in Singapore, Thailand beckoned Shirin Fozdar. So she moved to Bangkok.

This time she decided to start with the children themselves, inculcating in them the right values, encouraging them to think independently. In the early sixties she started a school for the children of poor farmers in north east Thailand where students from the primary school level to the school final are still educated.

Attending conferences, writing persuasive articles in magazines and giving talks over the radio come easily to this veteran social worker. A couple of years ago she represented the Baha'is at the world conference of women in Mexico. Two years later she is still busy attending conferences.

Hasn't she ever worked with Indians? Way back in the '40s Mrs. Fozdar lived and worked among the Waghris in Ahmedabad. She tried her utmost to eradicate the caste system and untouchability, advocating the Baha'i tenet of universal equality.

Occasionally, her children and grandchildren in Bombay lure her away from her committed work abroad.

Indeed, few septuagenarians have such interesting and significant tales to tell.

Ratu Kamlani

TIGGER STACK:

She Loves India

Mrs. Tigger Stack, an Englishwoman who is at present on a four-month tour of India, is a woman with a fascinating personality. Born and brought up in India (she is now settled in London), she is in love with India and its people. "Whenever I come here, I feel like a bird who has been let out from its cage and is free to enjoy the fresh air," she says.

Deeply concerned about the welfare and happiness of the poor people of this country, she is at present preparing a report to see whether there could be support in India in terms of personal effort and contribution to the type of work OXFAM — a charity organisation — is doing here. This organisation with its headquarters in London is wholly autonomous, non-governmental and without religious and political bias, committed to helping the most underprivileged through development processes. It receives, as well as raises, money for this purpose from ordinary people in all walks of life, who are moved by the people's plea for help.

Tigger's father was one of the last British I.C.S. officers who was serving in Bengal at the time of India's independence. He stayed on in Calcutta as a Barrister after 1947. His last job as an I.C.S. officer was to set up a system of labour tribunals for Bengal. "My childhood was spent in the countryside of India and not in big cities. Since I was here during the time of independence, I was fortunate to see the country through its transition. I am grateful for that as it helped me tremendously in my ideas which kept growing and adjusting."

She decided to go back to England after a few years because of certain difficulties. Her marriage there gave her another chance to come to India with her husband, during the late sixties, as he was posted here as Chairman of Dunlop. It was during this time that she got an opportunity to go around India.

"I travelled extensively not only to big cities, but also to remote villages right from Kashmir to Kanya Kumari. I think I know more of India than most Indians. It was during this period that I made contact with OXFAM in 1967, which was working in Bihar giving assistance to drought victims. I got very involved with their activities and when I went back to England, they asked me to join their permanent staff as Press Officer. But because of my contacts and knowledge of India and its problems I was often used in field work. In 1970 I went to the then East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) to set up relief work there following the big cyclone."

Mrs. Stack also started a film unit called "World Focus" to make TV documentary films to bring to the world the conditions facing the countries of the third world. She was one of the four directors of the unit.

"It was a marvellous experience," says Mrs. Stack. "It took one to the poorest areas of the world and I learnt much more about people that way than what I would have learnt as a tourist. In this context I also got permission to shoot a part of the film in India."

She came back again to India about a year back to do an in depth profile on Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the then Prime Minister of India, with famous film maker Tony Mayer. The film was shown on B.B.C. for 55 minutes and was given the peak viewing time.

At present, Mrs. Stack is in India on behalf of OXFAM. This organisation is currently helping to fund nearly 400 small Indian projects. There are certain projects which are already in existence, but need some assistance to become self-reliant. OXFAM comes to their help if it feels that their need is genuine.

"I am trying to see whether or not this work of setting up a counterpart of OXFAM in India can gain support here, so that it becomes more effective. At the moment I am just talking to different groups of people in industry and business, journalists and lawyers, and preparing a report. There are certain Indian companies who want to contribute to rural development projects, but do not have the personnel or the time. If OXFAM is here, they may be able to channelise their contribution through it."

Mrs. Stack is travelling all over India in the four months that she is going to spend here, and take down people's reactions and ideas to this scheme.

Jyotsana Kapoor

frankly speaking

Devi

Filmdom waited to swoon over Mehdi Hassan, but he disappointed them by walking up to them wih open arms, singing, "Amitabh bhai" and "Jaya bhabi" and "Lakshmi bhai" and "Dilip bhai" and "Saira bhabi," etc.

Mehdi Saab stuck to Amitabh for some two hours at the dinner thrown by Javed of Salim fame. The end came when Amitabh threw off his shawl, put a hand across his chest and said, "Huzoor, I will come to all your shows."

Twenty-four hours later, Mehdi sang, "Aap aye, bahaar aagayi" to a packed hall. Though it was less of bahaar except for a Rekha who sat

SAIRA BHABI PRESENT, DILIP BHAI ABSENT

like a post-box, her mouth open (Mehdi could have posted a hundred letters to Pakistan). Then there were regulars, the Mangeshkar family (14 seats) and Lakshmi, loaded with tobacco-pan. The wings had regulars Kalyanji, Manhar, Mahindra Kapoor, Jani Babu. Amjad came backstage. When I asked him why filmdom was kanjoos in their applause and wah wah he said they were too awed.

Amitabh bhai and Jaya bhabi did not turn up nor did Dilip bhai. Saira bhabi with grandma journeyed on high heels backstage. Rekha appeared and ran away like a Sharmilee...

The hall had less of glamour and more of ugly rich folk with uglier babies (seven and eight years old) who were put to sleep by their mamas on the dais itself. I don't know, poor Mehdi is stuck with this Indo-Pak cultural exchange. If I were he I would have walked out . To sing on a dais crawling with children snoring away and their mamas belching away!

Yes, and then there was the late Vimi's sister-in-law who never made it to films. She moved her head vigorously, pony tail punched with plastic flowers.

people and events

The Lions Club of East Bandra awarded Mr. Michael Ferreira the Lions' International Certificate of Merit for winning the World Billiards Amateur and Professional Title. Seen on the occasion are (from left) Mr. M. M. Masand, Mrs. Michael Ferreira, Mr. A. J. Gursabani, president, Mr. Michael Ferreira, Mrs. Ferreira (his mother), Mrs. Janoo Masand and Mr. Gope J. Motwani.

RIGHT: Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal, presents the Warrant of Constitution to Hon. Justice Mrs. Padma Khastgir, chairman of the Ballygunj centre of the St. John's Ambulance Association, Calcutta. Mr. Rusi B. Gimi (ext. left), state chairman of the Assn. presided.

LEFT: Shri Maharaj Karan, Director of Tourism, Andhra Pradesh, inaugurated a new travel agency, Landair Travels, in Secunderabad. Seen on the occasion from left are Mrs. Kala Shankar, chief executive, Mrs. Saraswathi Govardhan, (one of the owners), Shri Maharaj Karan, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Swaminathan (one of the owners) and at ext. right Mr. A. M. Govardhan.

On his recent trip to Bombay, the Aga Khan is seen with Mrs. Shalini Patil, wife of Maharashtra's CM, in connection with the Jijamata Trust which she heads.

At the State Trade and Industry Convention organised by the Gujarat Chamber of Commerce & Industry in Ahmedabad, Mrs. Vimladevi H. Barot of Shree Sonal Gum Industries, receives a shield from Gujarat Chief Minister Mr. Babubhai Patel for her firm's excellent export performance in small scale industries.

LEFT: Participants of the Royal Fashion Show held during the 20th year celebrations of the Rambagh Palace Hotel, Jaipur, seen with Colonel Bhawani Singh, Maharaja of Jaipur, (in the centre) and Mr. Vikram Singh, General Manager of Rambagh Palace (extreme right in second row).

bombay

The Indian Council of Social Welfare, in collaboration with the Citizens' Cyclone Relief Committee of Maharashtra (Women's Wing) headed by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, is organising for the first time in Bombay the famous Ram Lila and Surdas ballet by the Shriram Bharatiya Kala Kendra of New Delhi. Four performances are scheduled to be held at the Brabourne Stadium from March 24 to 27, 1978 to raise funds for the cyclone victims of Andhra Pradesh and for other welfare activities of the I.C.S.W.

The I.C.S.W. is bringing out a diary (1978-79) on this occasion.

* * *

During their recent visit to Bombay there were several meetings between the Aga Khans and Mrs. Shalini Patil, wife of the Maharashtra Chief Minister.

The Aga Khan was particularly interested in the work of the Jijamata Trust headed by Mrs. Patil. The Trust works to improve rural medical health facilities. The leader of the Khoja community offered financial help for the rural hospitals the Trust is setting up all over Maharashtra.

delhi

The National Council of Women in India organised a seminar at the India International Centre. The Council, which was founded in 1925, was the pioneer in turning the attention of woman social workers to village welfare and urban labour problems. The Council has been waging a constant war against prostitution. Whenever calamities like floods, famines and earthquakes occurred, the Council has come forward to help.

This seminar, titled "Education and National Development" was an attempt to discover what links existed between education and development and how to make these links lead to operational strategies.

* * *

Dr. P. C. Chunder, Union Minister for Education and Social Welfare, inaugurated the exhibition "The child's world — prospects for tomorrow" at Hotel Oberoi Intercontinental. The Exhibition had dolls from all over the world on display and a film show, "Rights of Children" was also held. 1978 is the preparatory year for the coming International Year of the Child (1979) and both government and non-government efforts are being made to focus attention on the needs of children the world over.

calcutta

Mrs. Annapurna Devi, recipient of the Jnanpith Award, was felicitated at a function held at the Mahabodhi Society Hall. Among those who spoke were Mr. Annada Shankar Ray, Mrs. Lila Majumdar, Mr. Rabi Dasgupta, Mr. Gajen Mitra, Mr. Jagdish Bhattacharya and Mr. Jiten Chakraborty.

In her speech, Annapurna Devi said that the Award had placed an 'additional burden' on her: she was now obliged to try and surpass her earlier writings.

bangalore

The Ladies' Auxiliary wing of the Lions Club of Shantinagar presented "Musical Fantasy" by "Melody Makers" of Bombay, who gave an enjoyable programme of filmsongs, orchestral music and mimicry of popular film personalities. Champa Manwani garlanded chief guest Mrs. Grover (wife of Justice A. N. Grover). President M. M. Bhatia welcomed the gathering.

ahmedabad

Mr. Callaghan, British Prime Minister, and his wife Mrs. Audrey Callaghan visited Ahmedabad recently. Mrs. Callaghan visited many important institutions like the Gujarat Vidyapeeth and the Sabarmathi Ashram. She also visited the Calico museum and evinced keen interest in the lovely textile designs. Miss Gita Sarabhai led her around the museum. She also visited the Victoria Jubilee Hospital. She gifted a Land-Rover ambulance to the hospital on behalf of the British Government.

The Gujarat Chief Minister, Mr. Babubhai Patel, presented her with a jari sari and a decorative cushion embroidered with beads.

At village Bogri a few kms from Ahmedabad, she received a silver purse presented by the people.

baroda

A seminar on the "Image of Woman in Indian Films" (Hindi and Gujarati) was held at the Faculty of Home Science, M. S. University of Baroda.

Mr. Makrand Bhatt, Dean, Faculty of the Performing Arts, was the chief guest. He regretted that the image not only of women, but of the entire human race was being distorted in Indian films.

The study conducted by the Women's Group of Ahmedabad found an utterly immoral and unrealistic projection of Indian women on the screen.

Others who spoke on the occasion included Magsaysay Award Winner Ela Bhatt, Usha Kanhere, Ila Pathak, Indira Hirway and Esther David.

Miss Chari, Dean of the Faculty of Home Science, and Miss Amita Verma also spoke.

kerala

The 10-day National Service Camp of the Fathima Matha National College was held at Quilon recently. The valedictory meeting held at the College Auditorium was presided over by Rev. Dr. A. J. Rozariom, Principal. Miss Nirmala Mathew gave a report on the activities of the Camp. A health survey among the fisherfolk of Pallithottam was also conducted. Under the leadership of Mr. S. Albey, Programme Officer, the campers undertook cleaning work at the Quilon. Poor Home for two days.

* * *

The centenary of the famous Kathakali play "Duryodhana Vadham" was celebrated in Kottayam with colourful programmes under the auspicies of the Kottalathil Sankunni Samaraka Samithy. "Duryodhana Vadham" has been enacted at least four lakh times during the last 100 years! There have been days when this play was presented on 30-40 stages in various parts of the State on the same night.

* * *

An Art Festival was organised at Kottayam by the Deepika Children's League to celebrate its Silver Jubilee. More than 600 boys and girls attended it. A three-day camp was also conducted.

world of eve

BHUPINDRA PANESHWAR

As a little girl, Bhupindra dreamt of becoming a doctor. Not surprising, as she came from a family of doctors — her seven brothers and sisters are not only qualified doctors, but they have also married doctors!

After completing her medical studies from the Indore Medical College, Bhupindra joined the Army as a pathologist.

Joining the Agra Medical College for her postgraduation in pathology under Professor Wahi was a turning point in her career. She was associated with Prof. Wahi's significant studies in cervical cancer and got her M.D.

After marriage, Bhupindra started a private clinic at home. It was hard going at first, but her practice grew with her reputation for meticulous work.

Bhupindra begins the day by reading the holy Granth Sahib. Knitting, embroidery and painting are her hobbies. A large part of her work is done voluntarily for charitable causes. But what causes her most concern is the absence of a cure for cancer.

POONAM BHASIN

Poonam Bhasin conducted the first course on Beauty Care in Madras, three months after she settled down there. A Delhi girl originally, she gave up her M.A. course to do a diploma in Beauty Culture at Maharani Bagh despite familial opposition. Her's was the first batch in India to get a diploma from the Board of Technical Education, Delhi Administration. Her syllabus included beauty therapy, hairdressing, yoga, cosmetic chemistry, anatomy and business practice.

Poonam's ten-day course in Madras got a very good response. She plans to start a three-month course which will include practical work. She prefers teaching to opening a beauty parlour, "Teaching is more interesting and challenging," she feels.

Poonam married three months back. Her husband suggested conducting this course to her.

Poonam's other hobbies are dancing and reading—especially books on beauty culture.

madam i'm adam

Before you read this, angel, put your gun away. Or at least take the bullets out.

I've got the family in on this to give you a punny time. So start reading and, unless you don't know how, I defy you to quit.

* * *

When I get angry with my daughter, I say, "You'll do what I tell you or Elsa." I find my glass empty and tell my wife, "Phyllis another one do." There's a girl who phones my elder son every hour. He tells her, "Kenneth you leave me alone?" I've got a neighbour called June with a sister called Marie. So I asked her to tell me one. She said, "Who's Marie now?" She musta been in a melodic mood for she added, "Jester Song At Twilight."

* * *

I asked my friend, Dimitri, how he treated his wife. He said, "When I get home I Russia." And Fellini was about to become a father. He said, "I hope Italy be a girl." Then there was this rifleman in the Army. One day on his furlough he told me what he told his girl at the end of the furlough. "You're gunner miss me, baby." I have to tell Phyllis things time and again. In exasperation, I said to her, "Harmony times must I repeat myself?" She said, "Darling, I am groin older."

* * *

You promised — no guns!

My uncle the bookworm came up with "Fraud is an eminent writer on psychology." When he asked his wife if his mother-in-law was returning from abroad, she said, "I'll write and Alaska." Then there was Jessica who took to cooking only at Christmas, by soaking the Turkey in Greece. And the scientist who when asked what his favourite dish was replied, "Fission chips." Our electrician who has humour with voltage said that a fanatic is a room at the top of the house where fans are stored. And the rich carpenter who said, "I woodwork if I had to."

* * *

A pal of mine the other morning raised a new toast. "Three Hearty Beers," he said. And a Biblical scholar bent my ear down with the story of "Cane Enable". My younger son came in and said, "I met a man today who is Richard than a millionaire." And a bird-lover, a lady, told me that two and two eagle four. And there was this devoted husband who kept following his wife even to the loo. His excuse was, "Whenever ye go I shall go too." And the zoo-keeper who said an element is not the largest four-legged animal.

* * *

I know you must be saying, "Disguise crazy!" but I'm that way only sometimes.

A dog lover asserted that a dogma is a bitch with a litter. And it was the anthropologist who said, "Denial is the main river in Egypt." My milkman doesn't know it, but we refer to him as "The Dairy Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." And about the cook we say, "He was pretty bad when he came, but he's much butter now."

* * *

One day the deacon called and said to you-know-who, "Come and sit here and duchess as I say." I went over to Phyllis and whispered something in her ear. She said, "Muffin doing — I'm cooking." And my daughter sang out, "Joan go down to the mines, Dad, it's not your day today." Not to mention the time when Phyllis came in from a shopping spree raving about the polite salesman who stared at her admiringly and said, "I'll rapture purchases for you, madam."

* * *

Thank God you've no bows and arrows in the house.

Phyllis who loves movies once asked, "Has Bardot retired? She used to drive men Rigid." And Ken got back from a wedding and said the parson had a sense of humour. He asked the groom, "Quilt thou take this woman for your lawful wedded wife?" A farmer friend all the way from Arsikere trotted this one out. He thought propaganda was a very correct male goose. Richard made me a little angry one day when he said to me, "All your advice is popcorn."

Naturally, I can't end before aiming one at one of my favourite people. "Fair Lady, whattya Ewing this evening?"

And I know all of you are angels. G'Fly now!

Adam

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 18, 1978

ADMISSION HASSLES

Every year thousands of parents in Bombay are faced with the stupendous task of getting their children admitted to good schools. It is a traumatic experience for all concerned. Interviews with parents, school authorities and Maharashtra's Minister for Education.

THE MOTHER

"It is true that as soon as great events and works are in question, the custom is to relegate women to a corner with a smile of patronising contempt . . . and women . . . have accepted . . . this deplorable state of things. I dare to say that they are wrong . . ." So said the late Mother, of the Aurobindo Ashram, whose birth centenary is on Feb. 21.

PARENTING : NOT A FEMALE PRESERVE

Fathers the world over are taking more interest in bringing up their children. In India there is need for more involvement.

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